THE IRISH HARP

(ATTUN'D TO FREEDOM)

A

COLLECTION

OF

PATRIOTIC SONGS;

SELECTED FOR

PADDY's AMUSEMENT.

"*Whilst Tyrants reign, in guilty state,*
"*And strive base slavery to prolong;*
"*My heart with freedom's hopes elate,*
"*Shall join in* LIBERTY's *sweet Song.*"

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY THE PRINTER HEREOF.

1798.

HARDING
N.H.

PREFACE.

TO fan the Patriotic flame,
To cheriſh the deſire of fame,
To bid the Iriſh Youth aſpire,
To emulate the noble fire,
Which diſſipates the tyrant's bands,
And Freedom gives to injur'd lands;
To teach the blooming Maid to bleſs,
Him only with her tenderneſs,
Whoſe ardent mind, and nervous hand,
Shall vindicate his native land,
Or dares the ſtroke of death defy,
For Virtue and for Liberty.

Dear Countrymen theſe are our aims—
For this our book ſome merit claims;
Think us not vain, ours is the toil,
From abler Authors to compile.

From this, ſhould but one Patriot, more
Be added to the Country's ſtore;
Should from the Virgin's heart one ſigh
Be breath'd to Heav'n for Liberty—
We never, never ſhall complain,
Nor think that we have toil'd in vain.

THE EDITORS.

INDEX.

ERIN - - - 1
Shoot of Liberty - 3
Exiled Iriſhman - - 5
Teague and Pat - - 7
Triumph of Truth - - 8
Advice to Hibernians - 10
Saint Patrick's delight - 11
Liberty's auſpicious ray - 12
Paddy's advice to John Bull - 14
Swains awake - - 15
The Charter of Brotherhood - 16
Honeſt Pat - - - 17

The Swiniſh multitude - - 18
The Tree of Liberty - - 20
Millions be wiſe - - 21
Liberty's addreſs to her friends in Ireland 22
New Granu wale - - 24
Rights of Man - - 25
The Grave Diggers addreſs to the Prince of Wales - - 27
Red Night Cap - - 29
The Placemen and Penſioners addreſs to the ſwiniſh multitude - 30
Liberty's Call - - 32
The happy reſtoration - 33
Man is free by nature - 34
Ca Ira - - 35
Unite and be Free - - Ibid
The Shamrock - - 37
Union of Parties - - 38
Fatal Blow - - 40
Standard of Freedom - - 41
Granu's advice to her Children - 42
New Viva la - - 43
The Tender's hold - - 44
Our Father's left a race of Kings - 45
Aſſembled in our Countrys cauſe - 47
Pain's welcome - - 50
Glee to Liberty - - ibid
Proud Monarch's - - 51
Ye Hibernians - - 52
The Rights of Man - - 53
Marſeilles March - 55

INDEX

Long live our gracious King - 57
In times of Yore - - 59
'Tis dangerous to eat - 61
The Porters Goſſip - - 62
The Spy - - - 65
Glee, why Erin's why - - 67
The Bleſſings of War - 68
A Charter Song - - 69
Bagatelle of French freedom 71
The divine rights of the People - - 73
The Blazing Ruſh Light - - 74
The Charter of Kings - - 77
The Victim of Tyranny - - 80
Plant Plant the Tree - - 81
The Coalition - - - 83
The Trumpet of Liberty - 85
The Grand Monarque - - 86
Glee, in praiſe of Liberty - 87
Oh! Union for ever - 88
On oppreſſion - - 89
The Diſabled Soldier - - 90
The Exiled Hibernian - - 91
The City Volunteer - - 92
Unite and be Ready - - 93
Paddy ever more - - - 94
An Acroſtic on a celebrated French General - - - 95

THE HARP OF ERIN

(TUN'D TO FREEDOM)

ERIN.

To her own Tune.

WHEN ERIN firſt roſe from the dark ſwelling flood,
God bleſs'd the Green Iſland, and ſaw it was good;
The EM'RALD of Europe—it ſparkl'd and ſhone,
In the ring of the World the moſt precious ſtone.

In her ſun, in her ſoil, in her ſtation thrice bleſs'd,
With back turn'd to Britain her face to the Weſt,
ERIN ſtands proudly inſular on her ſteep ſhore,
And ſtrikes her high Harp amidſt the Ocean's deep roar,

But when its ſoft tones ſeem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of ſilence is thrown o'er the deep:
At the thought of the paſt the tears guſh from her eyes,
And the pulſe o the heart makes her white boſom riſe,

O Sons of green ERIN lament o'er the time,
When Religion was war and our country a crime:
When Man in God's image inverted his plan,
And molded their God in the image of Man.

When the int'reſt of State wrought the general woe;
The Stranger—a friend and the Native a—foe,
While the mother rejoic'd o'er her children oppreſs'd
And claſp the Invader more cloſe to her breaſt.

When with PALE for the body and PALE for the ſoul
Church and State join'd in compact to conquer the whole;
And as Shannon was ſtain'd with Mileſian blood,
Ey'd each other aſkance and pronounc'd it was good.

By the groans that aſcend from your forefathers' grave!
For their Country thus left to the Brute and the Slave,
Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made Brutes *now* let ERIN MAKE MEN.

Let my ſons like the leaves of their Shamrock unite:
A partition of ſects from one ſtoot ſtalk of right.
Give each his full ſhare of the earth and the ſky—
Nor fatten the Slave where the Serpent would die.

Alas for poor ERIN! that *ſome* ſtill are ſeen,
Who would dye her Graſs *red* from their hatred to *green*,
Yet O! when you're UP, and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them that Mercy which they did not give.

ARM of Erin be ſtrong!—but be gentle as brave!
And uplifted to ſtrike, be ſtill ready to ſave!
Nor the feeling of vengeance preſume to defile,
The Cauſe, or the Men, of the Emerald Iſle.

The

The Cauſe it is good and the Men they are true ;
And the Green ſhall outlive both the Orange and Blue,
And the triumph of Erin her DAUGHTERS ſhall ſhare,
With their full ſwelling cheſt and their fair flowing hair.

Their boſom heaves high for the worthy and brave ;
But no coward ſhall reſt on that ſoft-ſwelling wave,
MEN OF ERIN ! awake !—and make haſte to be bleſt ;---
Riſe— ARCH OF THE OCEAN !—and QUEEN OF THE WEST !

SHOOT OF LIBERTY.

Tune—"*Mulbery Tree.*"

BEHOLD this fine ſhoot it's from *Liberty's Tree*,
Which Oh ! my dear ERIN is tender'd to thee ;
The bleſſing receive in your ſoil it will root,
It's leaves will be VERDANT and EQUAL its fruit;

All ſhall yield to ſweet Liberty's Tree,
Bend to thee, bleſs'd Liberty,
ETERNAL HE who planted thee,
And thou, as time, Immortal ſhall be.

Ye deſpots who long have been ſcourge to our race,
Who divine rights aſſume while manhood diſgrace,
Ye vice regal TYRANTS with rights ſecond hand,
To Murder the Subject and plunder the land.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Ye Abſentee Landlord's the drain of our Iſle,
Ariſtocrat Harpies who ERIN defile,
Ye Titled and Penſion'd for *Patricide* fame,
Who to BRITAIN reſign our rights and our name.
All ſhall yield &c.

Even the MONSTER who exiſts by our means,
Who mocks at our pangs while *ſhe* loads us with chains
Ye *War Dogs of England* by DESPOTS ſent here.
To root out our PATRIOTS and Tyranny rear.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Then SONS of old ERIN ſupport this young TREE
'Gainſt Britiſh connections a Charm let it be,
Attend to its Growth 'till its Branches extend,
Each Cion you rear will to Man be a friend.
All ſhall yield, &c.

This Plant in each Climate a native will be,
'Twill flouriſh with Men when He "wills it to be free"
In *France* it has thriven and ſent forth its ſhoots,
AMERICANS happy have gather'd the fruits.

All ſhall yield to ſweet Liberty's Tree
Bend to thee, bleſs'd Liberty,
ETERNAL HE, who planted thee,
And thou, as time, Immortal ſhall be.

THE EXILED IRISHMAN's LAMENTATION.

Tune—"*Savourna Deelish.*"

GREEN were the field where my forefathers dwelt, O;
*Erin ma vorne.n ! ſlan leat go brah.**
Although our farm was ſmall yet comforts we felt O.
Erin ma vorneen ! ſlan leat go brah !
At length came the day when our leaſe did expire,
And fain would I live where before liv'd my ſire ;
But ah ! well-a-day ! I was forced to retire.
Erin ma voreen ! ſlan leat go brah !
Tho' the laws I obey'd no protection I found, O ;
Erin ma vorneen ! ſlan leat go brah !
With what grief I beheld my COT burn'd to the ground, O !
Erin ma vorneen ! ſlan leat go brah !
Forced from my home ; yea from where I was born,
To range the wide world—poor helpleſs forlorn ;
I look back with regret—and my heart-ſtrings are torn.
Erin ma voreen ! ſlan leat go brah !
With principles pure, patriotic and firm,
Erin ma vorneen ! ſlan leat go brah !
To my country attached, and a friend to reform,
Erin ma voreen ! ſlan leat go brah !
I ſupported old *Ireland*—was ready to die for it ;
If her foes e'er prevail'd I was well known to ſigh for it ;
But my faith I preſerv'd and am now forc'd to fly for it.
Erin ma vorneen ! ſlan leat go brah !
In the North I ſee friends—too long was I blind, O ;
Erin ma vorneen ! ſlan leat go brah !

* Ireland my darling ! for ever adieu !

The cobwebs are broken and free is my mind, O.
Erin ma vorneen ! slan leat go brah !
North and South here's my hand—East and Weſt here's my heart, O ;
Let's ne'er be divided by any baſe art, O,
But love one another and never more part, O.
Boie yudh ma vorneen ! Erin go brah ! †

But hark ! I hear ſounds and my heart ſtrong is beating
Boie yud ma vorneen ! Erin go brah !
Friendſhip advancing---deluſion retreating.
Boie yudh ma vorneen ! Erin go brah !
We have numbers—and numbers do conſtitute power,
Let's WILL TO BE FREE—and we're FREE from that hour ;
Of *Hibernia's* Sons—yes—we'll then be the flower
Boie yudh ma vorneen ! Erin go brah !

Too long have we ſuffer'd and too long lamented ;
Boie yudh ma vorneen ! Erin go brah !
By courage undaunted it may be prevented.
Boie yudh ma vorneen ! Erin go brah !
No more by oppreſſors let us be affrighted,
But with heart and with hand be firmly UNITED ;
For by ERIN GO BRAH !—'tis thus we'll be righted !
Boie yudh ma vorneen ! Erin go brah !

† Victory to you my darling ! Ireland for ever.

TEAGUE AND PAT.

Tune—"*Patrick's Day in the Morning.*"

DEAR PAT give attention to what I now mention
The times they are alter'd, now liften I pray,
With ſedition and treaſon, and every ſuch nonſenſe,
Arrah! PAT, ſure they tell us we are all gone aſtray;
But hark you, dear PAT, theſe words have their meaning,
To humble poor PADDY, and to keep him down,
But if ever we wiſh for to be a FREE NATION,
UNION, ſure Pat, is our only ſalvation—
On Patrick's day in the morning.

Such tythes and ſuch taxes, with laws to oppreſs us,
In any wiſe nation, ſure never was known;
Under placemen, with penſions, and their vile intentions—
The poor man and widow reluctant, doth groan,
In baſtiles and chains the true Patriot complains,
Their innocent lives they wiſh to betray;
Providence will attend them, mankind will befriend them,
The virtuous and brave will ever commend them,
On Patrick's day in the morning.

Long time they have prided to ſee us divided:
But now brightens up the happy new day,
When we with each other, like brother and brother,
With an IRISH SHILLELA theſe harpies will pay
What think you, dear PAT, can you gueſs what they're at?
They wiſh for to baniſh us out of the land;
But the *Shamrock*, victorious, triumphant and glorious,
We yet will extend it, like men we'll defend it—
On Patrick's day in the morning.
When TEAGUE and his Comrade were digging Potatoes,
And heard of the hubbub that happen'd that year,
French chains broken aſunder, it made them much wonder.
They danc'd without brogues, and they gave them a cheer;
In tranſports of joy, they ſhook hands and did cry,
The time is approaching, we yet WILL BE FREE,
When *Peace and good will* every boſom will fill:
Then PADDY's RESOURCE ſhall have its free courſe—

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

Tune—"*Morgan Ratler.*"

AGRAH! PADDY, dear boy, my heart and my joy,
Tune up your HARP in the cauſe of our Country;
With Republican glee ſtill let us agree,
And gallantly plant the Tree of Liberty.

The

The People, you ſee, do now all agree,
In ſpite of the tribe that long divided them:
We'll throw off the yoke—huzza! for the ſtroke,
Sure, *gramachree*, PADDY, we'll have day about with them.
Tol, lol, &c.

Was *Ireland* Free, how ſnug I would be!
Myſelf and my neighbours would live ſo happily;
No tax would we pay, but what would defray,
The expence of the nation, laid out honeſtly:
Till that time ſhall come, let diſſentions be mum;
What ſignifies quarrelling—we are Iriſhmen;
All religious diſputes hereafter be mute,
And UNITE to oppoſe the men firſt raiſed them.
Tol, lol, &c.

Hibernians, you ſee, like brothers ſhould be,
And live like one family, happy and lovingly:
No artful knaves would then make them ſlaves;
But all would be mirth and conviviality.
For the Rights of Man, we'll join hearts and hand,
The cauſe it is good, we never will fly for it;
Truth, I'll be bail, in the end muſt prevail—
By the holy St. PATRICK we'll fight till we die for it.
Tol, lol, &c.

Ye Iriſhmen bold, let truth now be told—
Engliſh influence long has enſlaved us;
But now comes the time our nation will ſhine,
As Providence ſurely has aſſiſted us,
Sweet FREEDOM appear, and every heart cheer.
Relieving from chains thoſe bound by iniquity;
Let Juſtice preſide, our footſteps to guide,
And lead us to peace and joyous tranquility.
Tol, lol, &c.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO HIBERNIANS.

Tune—"Dusky Night."

WHILE FREEDOM spreads her banner forth,
And bids her Sons all join;
Why should not we, like men of worth,
Make haste to form the line—
And banish tyranny?
And banish tyranny?
But e'er we can our rights regain,
We must UNITED be.

The trying period is at hand,
Which must decide the cause,
Whether we'll Free our native land,
Or yield to tyrants laws.
Then FREEDOM's Sons beware—
Then FREEDOM's Sons beware,
And ne'er to great atchievements run,
Till you yourselves prepare.

Pray who is yon with crowned head,
And sceptre in his hand?
Has he the earth and mankind made,
That he should them command?
No,—reason tells us plain—
No;—reason tells us plain,
Of dust and ashes he is made—
All mankind is the same.

Why should an ornament of pride,
Or a high sounding name,
The Rights of Man for ever hide,
And rob him of the same?

But the deluſion's paſt—
But the deluſion's paſt,
The veil is drawn, the monſter has
Appear'd to view at laſt.
Then let us calmly wait the time,
And ſtrike the final blow—
To puniſh traitors for their crimes,
And lay the tyrants low.
Hail! then, *Hibernia's* Iſle!
Hail! then, *Hibernia's* Iſle!
Thy gloomy night is near an end—
The day begins to ſmile.

SAINT PATRICK's DELIGHT,

Tune——"*Moll Roe.*"

OH! if you have a mind to gain FREEDOM,
Go travel the globe all around,
But the like of the old *Iriſh* nation,
In a corner is ſcarce to be found:
Oh! there you'll find true hoſpitality,
Whiſkey and friendſhip galore;
With "ERIN GO BRAH!" on *Green Ribbons*,
The Ladies ſo much do adore.
Muſha whack, &c.

Was it not for our heavy oppreſſions,
How happy and ſnug would we be,
Our land is ſo fertile and pleaſant;—
No poor at our doors we would ſee;

But

But our brave *Iriſh* heroes now feel it,
They ſurely will give it a blow;
With an *IRISH* SHILLELA we'll twiſt them—
Huzza! we will baniſh each foe.
Muſha whack, &c.

Oh! St. PATRICK he was a true Patriot,
He made us an Iſland of Saints.
Driving off all obnoxious invaders,
And ne'er ſhut his ears to complaints,
When yet I remind our Anceſtors,
The Sons of the great O's and MAC's,
Who virtuouſly fought for our Country,
And never once turned their backs.
Muſha whack, &c.

You Ladies, true friends to *Hibernia*,
The rights of old *Ierne* maintain;
Futurity's hiſtory will mention
Your actions of honour and fame;
The Genuis of *Ireland* defend you,
May FREEDOM ſoon brighten the day,
May her radience to LIBERTY guide you,
And ſhield you from harm, I pray.
Muſha whack, &c.

LIBERTY's AUSPICIOUS RAY.

Tune—"*My ain kin deary.*"

IRNE, dear diſtracted Iſle,
The day advance with haſty ſtrides,
When you no more in pain ſhall toil,
Under ambitious *England*'s pride:

UNITE

UNITE in heavenly concord ALL,
And ſoon ye ſhall the yoke deſpiſe;
Then BRITISH tyranny ſhall fall,
And proſtrate lie before your eyes.

Your cauſe is juſt, you're not the firſt,
Have broke the Baſtile's maſſy gates;
The lingering captive's chains have burſt,
Who lay immur'd in dark retreats.
Ah! haſten now the glorious day,
When tyrants all ſhall quake with fear,
When LIBERTY's auſpicious ray,
Shall place in light her Sons moſt dear.

Ye dauntleſs few who lie immur'd
In gloomy vaults, without relief,
Be patient, victory's inſur'd,
When virtue guides her noble chiefs
Now tyrants, with a countleſs train,
Would fain ſupport deſpotic power,
And troops, like waves upon the main,
Succeed each other every hour,

But *Iriſhmen* their power deſpiſe:
Go on—purſue ſweet UNION ſtill,
Till order bright completely riſe—
The glorious work you'll yet fulfil—
Yes, generous IRISHMEN, ye ſhall
Leave to the world examples pure,
When peace-makers are laid in goal:
To till their lands you will be ſure.

THE

PADDY's ADVICE TO JOHN BULL.

Tune—"*When I was a young man in ſweet Tipperary.*"

NOW, arah! JOHN BULL, I would have you be eaſy
Brave PADDY no longer will ſuffer your yoke;
With taxes and tythes, and baſtiles ſo cruel,
You long plunder'd PADDY, and laugh'd at the joke,
Sing ditheru, JOHNNY BULL, can't you be eaſy;
When will you let honeſt PADDY alone?
With a drop of old *Whiſkey*, if e'er he gets tipſy,
By the holy St. PATRICK he'll alter your tone.

Long time you have fought with the *French*, without reaſon,
Becauſe they preſume to make laws of their own;
They want all men EQUAL—Oh! that would be *treaſon*,
For then each great monarch muſt jump from his throne.
Sing ditheru, &c.

JOHN, what do you think of the *National Convention?*
They plunder'd the biſhops for ſtarving the poor,
Depriv'd every knave of his title and penſion,
And turn'd all the nuns and the monks out of doors,
Sing ditheru, &c.

Of

Of treaſon, its thought, JOHN, a king can be guilty,
By robbing the People of what is their right:
Then ſee you be heedful, and mind the thing needful,
For in your own Country the times may be tight.
Sing ditheru, &c.

SWAINS AWAKE!

Tune—"*Shepherds I have loſt my love.*"

SWAINS! we've ſlept and loſt our love,
FREEDOM! fair as ANNA,
Fav'rite with of all who rove
Within the Iſle of GRANU.

We for her our FORKS would wield,
Armour of the meadows;
Bare our breaſts, and ſtand the ſhield
Of Orphans and of Widows.

Never will ſhe venture home
While her friends are jarring;
All her advocates are firm—
Againſt her foes they're warring.

Swains awake! and FREEDOM's ſtores,
Like the ſtreams of BANNA,
Shall refreſh the thirſty ſhores
Around the Iſle of GRANU.

THE

THE CHARTER OF BROTHERHOOD.

Tune—"*Viva la.*"

BEFORE the glance of new born FREEDOM,
IRISHMEN did firſt behold,
We lay blind, like captives bleeding—
Fly to arms ye heroes bold.

Viva la! ye Northern heroes;
May the North and South agree;
Dread nor fear ſhal never fear us—
Viva la! we will be FREE.

The VOLUNTEERS were aſſembl'd,
And for LIBERTY declar'd;
But their leaders baſe diſſembl'd—
Tyrants heavier chains prepar'd.

Viva la, &c.

For a while we then lay ſleeping,
Injur'd ſtill and diſcontent;
Loyal Patriots all were weeping—
Yet for LIBERTY were bent.

Viva la! &c.

UNION then became the charter,
Whereby we were to be ſav'd;
Watch'd—betray'd on ev'ry quarter—
Yet thoſe dangers we have brav'd.

Viva la! &c.

Let us be as one UNITED
All in Love and Brotherhood;
Let us never be affrighted,
Since, 'tis plain, our cauſe is good.

Viva la! &c,

May

May the Branch of FREEDOM flouriſh!
Say in IRELAND will it thrive;
Tyrants blood it's root muſt nouriſh—
Numbers of them are alive.
Vivalla! &c.

With your bodies from a rampart;
Plant it 'midſt a ſhower of balls:
If you do not act in concert,
Then it's leaves decaying falls.
Viva la! &c.

If you ſtand by one another,
It will yield abundant ſhoots;
Then, we truſt, each loyal Brother,
Who ſurvives, will taſte the fruits.
Viva la! &c.

HONEST PAT.

Tune---"Girl I left behind me."

HIBERNIA's Sons, with hearts elate,
Who hate deſpotic ſlav'ry,
Now join with us, the cauſe is great,
Diſplay your IRISH brav'ry;
To cruſh thoſe knaves that us enſlaves,
Our guns ſhall roar like thunder,
And let them ſee that we'll not be
By tyrants long kept under.

Old GRANU groans, laments and moans,
Sore goaded by oppreſſors;

We

We are her Sons, the only ones
Can be her ſole redreſſors ;—
She loudly calls to one and all
To cut her chains aſunder :
Her tyrants hear, and greatly fear
That us they can't keep under.
To miſs this time would be a crime,
Whilſt EUROPE is affrighted ;
With warlike rage, now is the age
To ſee our Country righted,
A thing tyrannic, ſtruck by PAT,
To duſt ſhall moulder under ;
The hero's feet ſhall trample it—
For us they ſhan't keep under.
No Statesman great, Prieſt or Prelate,
Shall ſtop our bold conceptions ;
When we are join'd, with firmneſs bound,
We'll baffle their deceptions,
A bill of woe, by their junto,
Has paſſed through the Houſes quick,
For to-defile HIBERNIA's Iſle,
And bind down honeſt PATRICK.

THE SWINISH MULTITUDE.

Tune—"*Laſs of Richmond Hill.*"

GIVE me the man whoſe dauntleſs ſoul
Oppreſſion's threat defies,
And bids, tho' tyrants thunder roll,
The SUN of FREEDOM riſe ;

Who

Who laughs at all the conjur'd ſtorms,
State ſorc'ry 'wakes around;
At Pow'r in all his varying forms—
At Title's empty ſound.
Give me the ſoul who, 'luſtrious zeal,
Diffuſing heav'n-born lights,
Inſtructs a People how to feel,
And how to GAIN their rights;
Who nobly ſcorning vain applauſe,
Or lucre's fraudful plan,
Purely inliſts for Freedom's cauſe—
The DEAREST cauſe of Man.

Hail ye friends UNITED here,
In Virtue's ſacred ties!
May you, like Virtue's ſelf, keep clear
Of Penſioners and Spies,
May you, by Baſtiles ne'er appall'd,
See NATURE'S RIGHTS renew'd;
No longer UNAVENG'D be call'd,
"The SWINISH MULTITUDE."

Hail to the men where'er they be,
Whoſe kindling minds advance
In Reaſon's path,—All hail, ye FREE!
Of Holland, or of France!
She comes for ALL! ſweet Freedom comes!
To no one region bound;
The cauſe of HUMAN WEAL aſſumes,
And claims the globe around.

From vice to vice, while State-craft flies,
May we its crimes purſue;
Pierce to the SOURCE from whence they riſe,
And hold them up to view.

This

This be our great, our ſtedfaſt taſk,
Reſolv'd our ſtrenght to try ;
This glory from our hearts we aſk—
For this we DARE to *die*.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

Tune—"*Death or Liberty.*"

YE lovers all of Liberty, attend unto my ſtory,
And plant the tree, that lies decayed, the ſoil ye have before ye ;
Come ſhake the vermin from its root, and ſoon with cultivation,
You'll ſee its riſe up to the ſkies, and ſpread through out the Nation.
For Freedom and Equality,
Grows on the Tree of Liberty.
Theſe vermin when ſhock off, may ſtrive again to rob its beauty,
But keep this noble tree alive, Hibernian's 'tis your duty ;
Join heart in hand, like Frenchmen ſtand, and tyrant muſt regard ye ;
The fruit that grows upon the tree, with freedom will reward ye.
For Freedom, &c.
This good old tree p'ung'd in a pitt, a pitt of dark deſpair, Sir,
When oft its root baſe tyrants ſit, and feed in ſplendor there, Sir ;

Remove

Remove the root the vermin leave, a Pitt ſuits vermin beſt, Sir,
While Britons cultivate the tree, on Heaven may they reſt, Sir,
For Freedom, &c.

MILLIONS BE WISE.

Tune—"*Vicar and Moſes.*"

WHEN "MILLIONS are wiſe!"
They'll Deſpots deſpiſe,
And dare to ſhew themſelves FREE;
The hag, ſuperſtition,
They'll hold in deriſion,
Abiding by natures decree.
Tol de rol, &c.

If "Millions were wiſe!"
From their ſtupor they'd riſe,
Inſpired by true LIBERTY'S CAUSE,
In purſuit of the truth,
Age, united with youth,
Would demoliſh tyrannical laws.
Tol de rol, &c.

Sure the bonds they are under
They'd ſoon tear aſunder
Were "Millions but once to be wiſe!"
And the tyranny in vain,
Would gnaw their own chain,
When ſtript of deluſion and lies.
Tol de rol, &c.

Tis

'Tis the ignorance of fools,
That procures tyrant tools,
Man's genuine rights to invade;
But if "Millions were wise!"
Nought like FREEDOM they'd prize,
Nor at nought but its loss be afraid.
Tol de rol, &c.

To another's dominion,
To subject our opinion,
Is repugnant to justice and reason;
And our rights to enslave,
To flatter a knave,
Is the basest SEDITION and TREASON.
Tol de rol, &c.

Then Nations arise,
And learn to be wise,
And arm'd with the weapons of truth,
Your FREEDOM restore,
To the vigour she bore,
When blooming in health and in youth.
Tol de rol, &c.

LIBERTY's ADDRESS TO HER FRIENDS IN IRELAND.

Tune—"Rejected Mason."

MY name is FREEDOM, new come o'er,
In private to this Nation,
I travel'd round from shore to shore
To find out true relations;

My

My Friends are free, and kind enough
To entertain a ſtranger,
But dare not own me openly
They're ſo expoſed to danger.
Tol, lol, &c.

My truſty Friends if you'll UNITE,
And give me your aſſiſtance—
For Church and State are both combin'd
To baniſh my exiſtence:
But if you'll true and truſty be,
And burſt your chains aſunder,
My Flag ſhall wave high in the air,
And make the nations wonder.
Tol, lol, &c

Then we'll poſſeſs *Hibernia's* Iſle,
And I no more will wander;
Young men and maids right joyfully,
Shall rally round the ſtandard:
No hoſtile blood ſhall ſtain the ſoil—
Each one their love enjoying;
Your hearts and ſpirits will rejoice
To ſee the GREEN FLAG flying.
Tol, lol, &c.

My loving Sons who are confin'd,
I hope you're not complaining,
Be not afraid—do not repine—
I'm ſure you know my meaning:
For were it proper at this time,
You know it's my deſire,
Your FREEDOM ſoon ſhould be obtain'd,
Tho' thouſands ſhould expire.
Tol, lol, &c

THE

THE NEW GRANU WALE.

Tune—"*Ye vile ſwiniſh herd in the ſty of taxation.*"

YOU true Sons of *Hibernia*, come ne'er be caſt down;
But cheer up your ſpirits in country and town;
For this is the time for UNION and ZEAL,
To prove yourſelves Sons of brave old *Granu Wale*,
Derry down, &c.

Our Fathers of old, bore all hardſhips and toil,
In boldly defending their Freedom and Iſle;
Shall not we then, their Sons, UNITE and prevail,
In recovering the Rights of brave old *Granu Wale*,
Derry down, &c.

The *Iriſh* GREEN FLAG has been long troden down,
By *Engliſh* uſurpers, who intruded their crown,
At a time when diviſion, alas! did prevail,
'Mongſt the unfortunate chiefs of brave old *Granu Wale*.
Derry down, &c.

As by diviſion alone our FREEDOM was loſt,
Let UNION and FRIENDSHIP now be our great boaſt,
And tho' tyrants may threaten us—rave, rant and rail,
UNION muſt conquer for brave old *Granu Wale*.
Derry down, &c.

Eaſt, Weſt, North and South are now firmly join'd,
To reſiſt the dark efforts of tyrants combin'd;
The oppreſſors of mankind will all turn pale,
At the United fire of brave old *Granu Wale*.
Derry down, &c.

In

In the true Sons of old *Granu* you'll not find a flaw;
Then fill up a bumper to "ERIN GO BRAH."
The *Genuis of Freedom* will bid us---all hail!
If we erect the GREEN FLAG of her dear *Granu Wale.*

Derry down, &c.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

Tune---"God ſave the King."

GOD ſave---THE RIGHTS OF MAN!"
Give him an heart to ſcan
Bleſſings ſo dear!
Let them be ſpread around,
Wherever Man is found,
And with the welcome ſound,
Raviſh his ear!
See, from the univerſe,
Darkneſs and clouds diſperſe;
Mankind awake!
Reaſon and Truth appear,
Freedom advances near,
Monarchs with terror hear---
See how they quake!
Long have we felt the ſtroke;
Long have we born the yoke;
Sluggiſh and tame:
But a new æra ſhines,
Enlight'ning all darken'd minds;
Spreading to diſtant climes,
LIBERTY'S flame!

Let us with FRANCE agree,
And bid the WORLD BE FREE,---
Leading the way:
Should Tyrants all conſpire;
Fearleſs of ſword and fire,
FREEDOM ſhall ne'er retire,
FREEDOM ſhall ſway!

Godlike, and great the ſtriſe,
Life will indeed be life,
When we prevail.
Death in ſo juſt a cauſe,
Crowns us with loud app'auſe,
And from tyrannic laws,
Bids us—ALL HAIL!

O'er the tyrannic powr's,
Big indignation low'rs,
Ready to fall!
Let the rude ſavage hoſt,
In their long numbers boaſt,
Freedom's our mighty truſt,
Spite of them all.
FAME! Let thy trumpet ſound,
Tell to the world around,

FRENCHMEN are FREE.

Tell Ribbands, Crowns and Stars,
Kings, Traitors, Troops and Wars,
Plans, Councils, Plots and Jars,
WE WILL BE FREE,

God

God ſave---" THE RIGHTS OF MAN!
Give him an heart to ſcan
Bleſſings ſo dear!

Let them be ſpread around,
Wherever man is found.
And with the welcome ſound
Ravith his ear!

THE GRAVE-DIGGER's ADDRESS.

TO THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

Tune---" Merrily danc'd the Quaker."

GO on, brave Prince,---increaſe your debts,
They'll all be reimburſed;
So many friends do you ſupport,
The reſt are eaſy forced---
Go on, I ſay---advance your cauſe,
You'll ſoon come to the crown, ſir,
And then with wars and luxury
You'll make my pot boil brown ſir.
Yes merrily will the People dance,
And merrily will they caper,
Merrily will they all rejoice
When freed from ſuch a creature.

An honour to the land you're ſure,
To have in it *blood royal* ;
And tho' the Peaſant toils for you,
He's hang'd if not quite loyal,
Why then ſhould *God's anointed* band
In luxury be bounded ?---
Then throw the public wealth away,
As if the nation found it.
Yet merrily, &c.

When men of Liberty ſhall call,
You muſt like aſſes load them,
And then the ſmoother they will go
When you incline to goad them,
They'll cry you're then a mighty prince,
A noble benefactor,
And pliant to your will they'll be,
As if you were *Protector*.
Yet merily, &c.

But now as to your *King-chance*, ſir,
Indeed I would not buy it,
Or if I had it in my pow'r,
I would not like to try it,
I would as ſoon a Tinker be,
And buckle on my budget,
As live upon the ſtarving poor,
And hear mankind begrudge it.
Yet merrily, &c.

Farewel *great, noble, royal ſir*---
Your titles I've forgot them,
But If I had them in my pow'r,
I certainly would ROT them ;---

By ME, indeed, you ſhould be prais'd,
Likewiſe your ROYAL DAD, ſir,
For by his wars, and your exceſs,
I've got a fat Church-yard, ſir.
Yet merrily, &c.

THE RED NIGHT-CAP.

Tune---"*Derry Down.*"

SURE, Maſter JOHN BULL, I ſhan't know till I'm dead
Where the devil you're driving to, *heels over head!*
Troth, I've watch'd you, my dear, day and night like a cat;
And, bad luck to myſelf if I know what you're at.
Derry down, down, down derry down.
But, the reaſon you waſte all this blood, and this gold,
Is a *ſecret* they ſay—that can *never* be told;
To be ſure for *ſuch* ſecrets *my* tongue isn't fit;
For I can't keep it ſtill, without *ſpeaking a bit.*
Derry down, &c.
But your foes, my dear John, ſay your brains are of lead
That the fog of your Iſland's ne'er out of your head;
That alike you misjudge of good meaſures or bad,
And are *ſtupidly drowſy*—or *wilfully mad!*
Derry down, &c.
By my ſoul, John, I've ſtudy'd your nature a while;
And I think, when they ſay ſo, they don't miſs a mile;
The world's wide, to be ſure; but as *intellects* go,
You're as *clumſy and bother'd a beaſt* as I know.
Derry down, &c.

Don't you think it's a pretty, political touch—
To keep ſhooting your gold in the *dams of the Dutch?*
Sending troops to be *ſwamp'd*, where they can't *draw their* breath;
And buying a load of freſh Taxes with death?
Derry down, &c.

Then comes the account, John: and faith to be frank,
The coſt is unbounded; the credit---a blank!
It's a right *Flemiſh* bargain, where all you can claim,
Is a plentiful balance of---*taxes and ſhame.*
Derry down, &c.

A while your brave *Tars*, the great *prop of your ſtate*;
Have, by glory and conqueſts, John, put *off* your rate;
But if e'er on *French Decks*, ſhout of *victories roar*,
The Crown's a Red Night Cap--and Britain's no more!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

THE PLACEMEN AND PENSIONERS.

ADDRESS TO THE

SWINISH MULTITUDE.

Tune---"Derry Down."

YE vile ſwiniſh herd, in the ſty of taxation,
What would you be after diſturbing the nation?
Give over your grumbling---be off---to your ſty?
Nor dare to look out if a king ſhould paſs by,
Derry down, down, down derry down.

Do

Do you know what a king is?--By *Patrick* I'll tell you
He has power in his pocket to buy you and ſell you;
To make you his ſoldiers, or keep you to work,
To hang you, or cure you, for ham or ſalt pork.
Derry down, &c.

Do you think that a king is no more than a man?
Ye Iriſh, ye ſwiniſh ironical clan!
I ſwear by his office, his right is divine,
To flog you, and feed you, and treat you like ſwine.
Derry down, &c.

To be ſure I have ſaid--but I ſpoke it abrupt--
That *the ſtate is defective and alſo corrupt*;
Yet, remember I told you with caution to peep,
For ſwine at a diſtance we prudently keep.
Derry down, &c.

Now the Church and the ſtate, to keep each other warm,
Are married together, pray where is the harm?
How healthy and wealthy are huſband and wife!
But ſwine are excluded the conjugal life.
Derry down, &c.

'What uſe do we make of your money?' you ſay;
By the firſt law in nature--we take our own pay--
And next on our friends a few penſions beſtow,
And to you we apply when our treaſure runs low.
Derry down, &c.

What know you of commons, of kings or of lords,
But what the dim light of taxation affords!
Be contented with that, and no more o' your rout,
Or a *new Proclamation* will *muzzle* your *ſnout*.
Derry down, &c.

And

And now for the ſun, or the light of the day ;
It doth not belong to a PITT,' you will ſay---
I tell you, be ſilent, and huſh all your jars,
Or he'll charge you a farthing a-piece for the ſtars.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

LIBERTY's CALL.

Tune, "Hearts of Oak."

COME chear up, my countrymen, ne'er be diſmay'd,
For Freedom's great banners will ſoon be diſplay'd,
Be ſtaunch for your Right—Hark 'tis Liberty's call ;
For Freedom, dear Freedom, ſtand up one and all !

CHORUS.

With heart and with hand,
Steady boys, ſteady,
We always are ready,
To baniſh oppeſſion from our native land.

To redreſs all our wrongs, let *Man's Rights* be apply'd ;
Truth and Juſtice they ſhow, and by theſe we'll abide,
Luxurious pomp, which bring taxes and woes,
No more we'll maintain with the ſweat of our brows,
But with heart, &c.
The bold *Rights of Man* ſtruck ſuch terror and fear,
That ſtern *Proclamations* in all parts appear,
Deter us they can't---for as Friends we'll agree,
Rate to Reform---and we'll die or be free,
Then with heart &c.
Tribute we pay, that we ſcarcely can live ;
The of our lands, what a rent do we give !

To

To be told 'We are happy!'---'tis mere Gaſconade;
For we're burthen'd like ſlaves, and like pack-horſes made.
But with heart, &c.

Then to Freedom preſs forward, like men who are wiſe,
And Unite with our Countrymen from bondage to riſe;
In ſpite of all tyrants with them we'd agree,
And to join the grand concert---*To die or be free.*
Then with heart, &c.

THE HAPPY RESTORATION.

Tune—"Moggy Lawder."

BRAVE Countrymen, both great and ſmall,
Your FREEDOM now regain it;
A leſſon I will give to you,
How we are to obtain it:---
In UNION's band be firm and true,
And ſtill we'll grow the ſtronger;
Nor ſhall we groan beneath the yoke
Of tyrants any longer.
Tol, lol, &c.

Dame Nature form'd us all alike,
The brethren of one Nation,
Why ſhould we then jar and fight,
To pleaſe men in high ſtation?
Be patient, wiſe, and virtue prize---
This will be our ſalvation;

Let quarrels ceaſe, and be in peace---
Oh! happy Reformation.
Tol, lol, &c.

The cauſe is good, the work's your own---
Then do it to perfection;
Let wiſdom guide you in your way,
Walk ſtrict by her direction,
Which, join'd with courage, ne'er can fail,
And manly reſolution
For to accompliſh LIBERTY,
And baniſh perſecution.
Tol, lol, &c

Go on, my boys you know your Rights,
Be ſure that you do gain them;
Courtiers, creatures and their power,
Now ſee that you diſdain them;
Their pimps and ſpies, likewiſe deſpiſe---
Be ſteady in your ſtation;
Aſſiſt the oppreſs'd and much diſtreſs'd,
Whether couſin or relation.
Tol lol, etc.

MAN IS FREE BY NATURE.

Tune,—"Gilly Cranky."

WHY vainly do we waſte our time,
Repeating our oppreſſions?
Come haſte to arms for now's the time
To puniſh paſt tranſgreſſions,

They

They ſay that kings can do no wrong ;
Their murderous deeds deny it ;
And ſince from us their power has ſprung,
We have a right to try it.

The ſtarving wretch who ſteals for bread,
But ſeldom meets compaſſion :
Then ſhall a *crown* preſerve a head
Of one that robs a nation.
Such partial laws we all deſpiſe---
See Galia's bright example ;
The glorious ſcene before our eyes,
Let's every tyrant trample.

Proud Biſhops now we muſt tranſlate
From ſenate, ſee and penſions ;
Virtue alone muſt teach the ſtate,
In ſpite of Kings intentions,
Thoſe deſpots long have trod us down,
And judges are their engines ;
Such wretches---minions of the crown,
Demand a People's vengeance.

The golden age will yet revive,
Each man will be a brother ;
In harmony we all ſhall live,
And ſhare the earth together,
In Virtue's ſchool, enlighten'd Youth
Will love his fellow-creature ;
And future ages prove the truth,
That MAN IS FREE BY NATURE.

CA IRA.

A celebrated FRENCH National Air.

COME let us dance, let us dance, let us dance,
Happy, happy days have appear'd at laſt,
Come let us dance, let us dance, let us dance,
Taſte the joys kind fate beſtows,
Hopes delight each boſom knows;
And far away drives all our woes.
Come let us dance, let us dance, let us dance,
Taſte the joys kind fate beſtows.
Come let us dance, let us dance, let us dance,
Taſte the joys which fate beſtows,
Hopes delight each boſom knows;
For the danger now is paſt,
And never to return again,
No, never to return again.
Come let us dance, let us dance, let us dance,
Happy, happy days have appear'd at laſt.

UNITE AND BE FREE.

Tune--"The Green Cockade."

YE lovers of UNION, of ev'ry degree,
No matter what Trade or Religion ye be,
The right-hand of friendſhip to you I'll extend,
And hope for your pardon if I ſhould offend,

For the Rights of Man let us always be,
And Unite in the cauſe that will make us Free,
Till oppreſſion and tyranny's baniſhed the land,
We'll fight for our country with heart and hand.

I'm ſlave to no ſect, and from bigotry free,
And to follow what conſcience ſtill dictates to me;
All men are my brethren who're ready to lend
Their aid to their country, and hand to a friend.
For the Rights of Man, &c.

Let the creatures of *kings*, and the dupes of a prieſt
Bow down to a *bauble*, or worſhip a beaſt—
Shall an impious prelate, a ſtateſman or prince,
Set marks to our reaſon, or bounds to our ſenſe?
For the Rights of Man, &c.

Divide then and conquer—the maxim of knaves,
Who have practiſed it long on a nation of ſlaves—
But the bright ſtar of Reaſon will ſoon let them ſee
That *Hibernians* were made to UNITE AND BE FREE.
For the Rights of Man, &c.

THE SHAMROCK.

Tune—"*Cuckoo's Neſt.*"

YOU Sons of old *Granu*, in raptures diſplay
The joyous approach of that long wiſh'd for day,
When in friendſhip and love, like brethern, you'll be
Together UNITED—of courſe ſoon be FREE:

For th' apple of diſcord, ſo artfully thrown,
By tories, whoſe object to us is well known,
Recoils, with more rage, on each dignified aſs,
Since we have diſcover'd the ſnake in the graſs.

Saint PATRICK, that ancient Apoſtle of old,
This myſterious problem did clearly unfold,
How you, by a *Shamrock*, all plainly may ſee
That *three* may be *one*, and yet *one* may be *three*:
This Emblem of UNION, produc'd by our ſoil,
All *partial* diſtinctions for ever ſhould foil,
Equal Right, *equal Liberties*, *Freedom and Laws*,
We've a right to aſſert---and honour the cauſe.

Let religious diſſentions be now laid aſide,
Our UNION and FRIENDSHIP let nothing divide
Tho' ſpies and informers, and many great folks,
Have no great deſire for to reliſh the joke,
Our int'reſts is common—Society's laws,
And mutual neceſſity, ſanctions the cauſe,
Why envy each other—why quarrel or jar?
Away with ſuch nonſenſe—away from us far.

How welcome! how happy!—Oh! come thou bleſs'd day,
When *Ireland*, thus purify'd, chearful and gay,
Shall ſay to her Children---Rejoice, I've in ſtore
What ſhall crown your exertions till time is no more.
Mean while, fill a bumper to Friendſhip and Love,
Whoſe happy influence deſcends from above:
May LIBERTY triumph abroad and at home;
And PADDY, when tipſey, in ſafety get home.

THE

THE UNION OF PARTIES.

Tune—"*The Cudgel.*"

GRAND Juries thoſe time-ſerving knaves,
With arrogant pow'r maintain,
That Catholic Emancipation
We have not a right to obtain.
But, oh, for a UNION OF PARTIES,
A UNION OF PARTIES for me,
And when that we all are United,
Poor Ireland *then* will be Free.

Arrah Jurymen tho' I'm a Connaughtman,
Yet I am ſorry to ſee,
You tribe of oppreſſors combining
To hinder us all to be Free.
But oh, &c.

Says the Jurymen, TEADY be eaſy,
I remember the time you were worſe;
Says TEADY I well do remember,
That day was old Ireland's curſe.
But oh, &c.

I was worſe faith, but ſoon I'll be better,
Dear neighbours I'll let you ſee;
For the faſter the Romans are riſing,
The ſooner the country they'll free.
But oh, &c.

They ſaid I had a houſe, and a garden
To give me potatoes and bread:
But on Michaelmas day, the Landlord
He canted them over my head.
But oh, &c.

Then from my house and my garden
I was forc'd, with my family to go;
Obliged to travel the nation,
In poverty, hardships and woe.
But, oh, &c.

When we have thrown by our division,
Our mis'ry will disappear,
And the tythes and taxes of mankind
Will shrink with horror and fear.
But, oh. &c.

No longer the agents of power,
Will by our hard labour be fed;
And the labouring poor of the nation
Will then find plenty of bread.
But, oh, &c,

THE FATAL BLOW.

Tune, "O'er the hills and far away."

COME, come my countryman advance,
Charge your musket, point your lance,
Proclaim your will from shore to shore,
Till tyranny shall be no more.

Too long have tyrants rul'd the land,
Too long you spare the ruffian band;
The blood by vile oppressors shed,
Calls vengeance on each guilty head.

To you in this decisive hour,
Avenging fate entrusts her pow'r;
Then haste to strike the fatal blow,
And punish each tyrannic foe.

THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM.

Tune—" *Derry Down.*"

UNFOLD, Father Time, thy long records unfold,
Of noble atchievements accomplifhed of old;
When men by the ſtandard of Liberty led,
Undauntedly conquer'd, or chearfully bled.
Derry Down, &c.

But know 'midſt the triumph theſe moments reveal,
Their glories ſhall fade, and their luſtre turn pale;
Whilſt France riſes up, and confirms the decree,
That tears off her chains and bids millions be free.
Derry down, &c.

As ſpring to the fields, or as dew to the flower,
To the earth parch'd with heat, as the ſoft dropping ſhower,
As health to the wretch that lies languid and wan,
Or as reſt to the weary,—is Freedom to Man.
Derry down, &c.

Where Freedom the light of her countenance gives,
There only he revels, there only he lives;
Seize then the glad moment, and hail the decree,
That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free.
Derry down, &c.

Too long had oppreſſion and terror entwin'd,
Thoſe fancy form'd chains that enſlave the free mind;
Whilſt dark ſuperſtition with nature at ſtrife,
Had lock'd up for ages the fountains of life.
Derry down, &c.

But

But the demons are fled, the deluſion is paſt,
And Reaſon and Virtue have conquered at laſt;
Seize then, the glad moment, and hail the decree,
That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free.
Derry down, &c.

France! we ſhare in the rapture thy boſom that fills,
Whilſt the ſpirit of Liberty bounds o'er thy hills;
Redundant, henceforth, may the purple juice flow,
Meuder wave the green woods, and thine olive trees grow.
Derry down, &c.

For thy brows, may the hand of Philoſophy twine,
Bleſt emblems! the Myrtle, the Olive and Vine;
And Heaven thro' all ages confirm'd the decree,
That tear off thy chains, and bids millions be free.
Derry down, &c.

GRANU's ADVICE TO HER CHILDREN.

Tune—"*Paddy Whack.*"

YOU Sons of old GRANU give ear to your Mother,
And take my advice, or you'll never do well;
Too long have you quarrell'd the one with the other,
Which cauſes poor GRANU her caſe to bewail:
So rouze from your ſlumbers, Unite in great numbers,
And help poor old GRANU her rights to regain,
But Billy by taxation has ruin'd the nation,
And laid on me burdens which makes me complain:

A long time you have ſlumber'd with ſenſes benumb'd,
And never once grumbled, but bow'd to the yoke:
But your humble ſubmiſſion it wrought no contrition,
And of your petition he made but a joke:

No

No Reform from Senators need be expected—
Unto yourſelves you may look for redreſs;
So no my dear Children be all well affected,
And you and old GRANU again will be bleſs'd.

You know my dear Children, JOHN BULL we ſupported,
To his fleets and armies in thouſands did go:
On land or on ſea, when their foes they engaged,
'Twas you my dear PADDY that gave them the blow:
But in return, our trade he has cramped,
And our Legiſlators with him combine,
With Churchmen and Stateſmen, Penſioners and Placemen,
With their penal laws, poor old GRANU to bind.

You Sons of HIBERNIA no more emigration,
Nor leave your old GRANU in bondage to mourn;
For air, ſoil and water, your Country is better
Than ever an Iſland that's under the ſun:
Therefore be ſteady, and always be ready,
To helping old GRANU her rights to reſtore;
Your UNION ſtill cheriſh, and FREEDOM will flouriſh,
Long as the Atlantic is waſhing our ſhore.

THE NEW VIVA LA.

Tune—"*Willy was a wanton wag.*"

MUSE of energy and fire,
Stretch abroad thy boldeſt wing;
Freedom calls—aſſume the lyre,
Freedom calls—ariſe and ſing.

Viva

Viva la! long live the People,
Free from care and ſlavery!
Viva la Hibernia!
Man will ſurely ſoon be free.

Sing the captive's broken chain;
Sing the tyrant's wither'd arm;
Mad oppreſſion ſtorms in vain;
Freedom's breath has broke the charm.
Viva la! &c.

Slavery's baſtile rear'd its head,
Deep the ſtrong foundation lay;
Loſt in it's tremendous ſhade,
Nations mourn'd the abſent day.
Viva la! &c.

All the ghaſtly regions round,
Stretch'd immenſe a hideous wild;
Miſ'ry hop'd, and horror frown'd,
Men deſpair'd and Dæmons ſmil'd.
Viva la! &c.

Sudden ſounding from afar,
Freedom's awful voice was heard,
Glorious as the morning Star,
Soon Liberty herſelf appear'd.
Viva la! &c.

Triumph ſhining in her eyes,
Beams of heavenly ſplendor ſhed,
Kindling up the glowing ſkies—
Darkneſs ſaw, and midnight fled.
Viva la! &c.

Down the gothic ſtructure then,
Thunder'd on the builder's heads;
Slaves beheld, and ſprung to Men;
Tyrants ſaw and ſhrunk to ſhades!
Viva la! &c.

Storm

Storms and tempeſts howling flew ;
Deſolation left the ſcene ;
Gales of vernal fragrance blew,
Nature blew in flowr'y green—
Viva la! &c.

Freedom! ſtill extend thy ſway ;
Boundleſs ma. thy influence run ;
Univerſal as the day,
Everlaſting as the ſun.
Viva la! &c.

THE TENDER's HOLD.

Tune—" *From night till morn I take my glaſs.*"

WHILE Landſmen wander uncontroul'd,
And boaſt the rights of Freemen,
O! view the tender's loathſome hold,
Where droop our injured ſeamen ;
Dragg'd by oppreſſion's ſavage graſp,
From every dear connexion,
'Midſt putrid air, O! hear them gaſp,
And mark their deep dejection.

If freedom be our birth-right, ſay —
Why are not all protected ?
Why is the hand of of ruffian ſway
'Gainſt ſeamen thus directed ?
Is this your proof of Iriſh rights ?
Is this rewarding bravery ?
O ſhame! to boaſt your Tar's exploits,
Yet doom thoſe Tars to ſlavery.
O! that Ambition's callous train,
Who wiſh to ſhine in ſtory,

Who

Who tinge with blood the earth and main,
And call their havoc glory;
O! that the ſcourges of the world,
Who ſmiles at man's undoing,
Might from their lordly ſeats be hurl'd,
And ſtate the cup of ruin.
Is Ireland free?—, e vaunting crew,
Who oppoſe all Reformation,
Deep in the Tender's Hold, O! view,
The Patriots of your nation:
Yes view them thus in durance laid,
Though void of all tranſgreſſion,
Then ſay, could Ruſſia's bloody jade
Diſplay more foul oppreſſion?
But juſt return'd from noxious ſkies,
And winter's raging ocean,
To land the ſun-burnt ſeaman flies,
Impell'd by ſtrong emotion;
His much lov'd Kate, his Children dear,
Around him cling delighted,
When lo! the impreſſing fiends appear,
And every joy is blighted.
Mark then, ye minions of a court,
Who prate of Freedom's bleſſing,
Yet every hell-born war ſupport,
And vindicate impreſſing;
A time will come, when things, like you,
Mere baubles of creation,
No more ſhall make mankind purſue,
The work of deveſtation.

OUR FATHERS LEFT A RACE OF KINGS.

Tune—" *Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife.*"

OUR fathers left a race of Kings,
And we were glad to find them;
O how we lov'd the pretty things!
And laugh'd and ran behind them.

We laid our necks beneath their feet,
So humble and so lowly;
And they rode over as we met,
Still pleas'd to see our folly.

But warmly now our hearts incline,
To rule the land without them;
The *mouldy Parchments* we resign,
And from the globe we'll rout 'em.

ASSEMBLED IN OUR COUNTRY'S CAUSE.

TO THE SOCIETY OF UNITED IRISHMEN.

Tune—"*See your Country righted.*"

ASSEMBLED in our Country's Cauſe,
Hail the happy ſeaſon;
We fear no frowns—nor court applauſe,
Purſuing truth and reaſon.

CHORUS.

Boldly all with heart and hand,
Meet we are United,
By each other firmly ſtand,
To ſee our Country righted.

Long beneath the rod we lay,
Plunde'd and contented;
But no more ſhall tyrants ſway,
Our wrongs ſhall be reſented.
Boldly all with heart, &c.

See the rich and ſumptuous board!
Harpies all ſurrounding,
Seize our wealth to ſwell the hoard,
In luxury abounding.
Boldly all with heart, &c.

Shall

Shall we tamely yet reſign,
Our purſe to theſe Collectors?
And hail them with a RIGHT DIVINE!
Away with ſuch protectors.
Boldly then with heart, &c.

Fearleſs of their lawleſs pow'r,
Empty ſons of thunder;
Let them bluſter out their hour,
They ſhall ſoon knock under.
Boldly all with heart, &c.

Brave the dangers that ſurround,
Bid them all defiance;
Truth eternal is our ground,
THE PEOPLE our alliance.
Boldly then with heart, &c.

See our numbers how they grow!
Crowding and dividing ‡;
Eager all their Rights to know,
Reaſon ſtill preſiding.
Boldly all with heart, &c.

Let us then as friends agree,
Kings and Prieſts diſſemble,
War and ſtill they love to ſee,
Union makes them tremble.

CHORUS.

Boldly all with heart and hand,
Meet we are United,
By each other firmly ſtand,
To ſee our Country righted.

‡ Alluding to the affiliated *ſplits* which ſile off every night of Meeting to different parts of the town.

PAINE's WELCOME TO GREAT-BRITAIN.

Tune—"*He comes, he comes.*"

HE comes—the GREAT REFORMER comes,
Ceaſe, ceaſe your trumpets ceaſe, ceaſe your drums;
Thoſe warlike ſounds offend the ear,
PEACE and FRIENDSHIP now appear,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome, THOU REFORMER here.

Prepare, prepare, your ſongs prepare,
Freedom chears the brow of care;
The joyful tidings, ſpread around,
Monarchs tremble at the ſound!
Freedom, freedom, freedom, freedom,
RIGHTS OF MAN, and PAINE, reſound.

GLEE.
TO LIBERTY.

AIR. *Flow thou regal purple ſtream.*

LET bleſt LIBERTY be my theme,
Nurtur'd by her holy flame;
Let Mankind no more be ſlaves,
Clear this land from hireling knaves:
Let fair FREEDOM fire each ſoul,
Spread her Laws from pole to pole;
Let's oppoſe each Tyrant's plan,
And ſet up the RIGHTS of MAN.

PROUD

PROUD MONARCHS.

Tune—"*Highland Laddie.*"

PROUD Monarchs rais'd to wear a crown,
Forget the POWER by which they hold it;
They tread the paſſive ſubject down,
And thirſt for vengeance when they're told it.

CHORUS.

But, no more with blind ſubmiſſion—
We'll read then o'er a new commiſſion
The People's voice
Shall be their choice,
And tread beneath their feet—oppreſſion.
And men forget that kings of old,
Depending on their free election,
Durſt at their peril be ſo bold,
To rule but as they had direction.
But, no more, &c.
Or, if the king, a SOT betrays,
Or, if humane his diſpoſition;
Some miniſter aſſumes and ſways,
And robs to feed his own ambition.
But, no more, &c.
Thus kings and miniſters ſucceed,
In either ſtill the tyrant reigning;
They ſuck the poor, and as they feed,
Forbid the ſufferer's complaining.

CHORUS.

But no more with blind ſubmiſſion—
We'll read them o'er a new commiſſion;
The people's voice
Shall be their choice,
And tread beneath their feet—oppreſſion.

YE

YE HIBERNIONS.

Tune—"*Ye Hearts of Oak.*"

YE Hibernians, no longer inactive remain,
Attend to the dictates of Reaſon and PAINE;
'Tis to FREEDOM they call you, no longer delay,
Your rights are at ſtake—and are loſt if you ſtay.
Hark! the trumpet of Fame bids you rouſe and oppoſe
The tyrants uniting,
While Frenchmen are fighting,
And Freedom inviting—to conquer your foes.

Shall men as the HEADS of the nation preſide,
Who cannot the TEST OF ENQUIRY ABIDE?
Let them boaſt of their virtues and plead for the ſtate,
So felons remonſtrate in view of their fate.
Hark the trumpet of Fame, &c.

They flatter and fawn and their friendſhip expreſs,
To blind, while they plunder, and roll in exceſs;
And a penſion beſtow for the PRAISES of thoſe,
Who would, if not BRIB'D their CORRUPTION expoſe,
Hark the trumpet of Fame, &c.

While APOSTATES and TYRANTS ſo boldly agree,
Let the powers of our reaſons, *enlighten'd* and *free*,
Unappall'd at their frowns—with the object in view,
Thro' all its dark turnings, oppreſſion purſue.

CHORUS.

Hark! the trumpet of Fame bids you rouſe and oppoſe.
The Tyrants uniting,
While Frenchmen are fighting;
And Freedom inviting—to conquer your foes.

THE

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

BY HIS LORDSHIP.

THE Rights of Man I will maintain,
Upon the old foundation;
And those who venture to complain,
Shall hear a proclamation.

CHORUS.

For kin sand lords, the Rights of Man,
Were first of all intended;
And since the reign of kings began,
The Rights of Man are ended.

Now take me right, as we proceed;
'Tis needful I should mention,
I am a son of noble breed,
And hold a little pension.
For kings and lords, &c.

Kings have a right divine to be
Your LORDS, and GODS, and Masters;
And commons, peers, and priests agree,
To laugh at your disasters.
For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to all the toil,
And while it ne'er relaxes,
We eat the dainties of the soil,
And feed you well with taxes.
For kings and lords, &c.

You

You have a right to chain your tongue,
When ſore you feel oppreſſion;
Nor check, nor call our meaſures wrong,
So wide is our commiſſion.
For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to live and breathe,
And anſwer your creation;
But mark—your fathers did bequeath,
To us—to rule the nation.
For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to wear your rags,
And pay your debts in limbo,
While we, like Judas, keep your bags,
And boldly after him go.
For kings and lords, &c.

In fine, the nation is our own;
And let me further tell you,
The powerful right is in the throne,
By which we buy and ſell you.

For kings and lords the Rights of Man,
Were firſt of all intended;
And ſince the reign of kings began,
The Rights of Man are ended.

MARSEILLES MARCH,

SUNG BY THE *MARSEILLES* GOING TO *Battle*,

BY GENERAL KELLERMAN'S ARMY.

AND AT

The different Theatres in Paris.

YE ſons of France, awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you riſe!
Your children, wives, and grandſires hoary;
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, miſchief breeding,
With hireling hoſt, a ruffian band,
Affright and deſolate the land,
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding!

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms ye brave!
Th' avenging ſword unſheath,
March on, march on, all hearts reſolv'd
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dang'rous ſtorm is rolling,
Which treach'rous kings confederate, raiſe;
The dogs of war let looſe are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;

And

And ſhall we baſely view the ruin,
While lawleſs force with guilty ſtride,
Spreads deſolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing;
To arms, ye brave, &c.

While luxury and pride ſurrounded,
The vile inſatiate deſpots dare,
Their thirſt of power and gold unbounded,
To meet and vend the light and air;
Like beaſts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their ſlaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then ſhall they longer laſh and goad us?
To arms, ye brave, &c.

O Liberty! can men reſign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble ſpirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falſehoods dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our ſword and ſhield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging ſword unſheath,
March on, march on, all hearts reſolv'd
On victory or death!

LONG

ADAPTED TO THE

SENTIMENTS of a RED HOT *ARISTOCRAT.*

Tune---"God ſave the King."

LONG live our gracious king,
To him your treaſure bring,
Gen'rous and free!
His feelings are ſo tough,
You ne'er can give enough;
Why keep ye back the ſtuff?
Rebels ye be.

See on the guineas fair,
His graceful picture there,
Which, as you view,
Worſhip—and let them be
Sent to his treaſury;
Send them to him, that he
May worſhip too!

You have a houſe and bed,
And you are cloath'd and fed,
Temp'rate and bare;
Still let it be your aim,
Pride and exceſs to tame,
For your kind maſter's claim,
All you can ſpare.

Great George our King we own,
Each on his marrow-bone,
Engliſhmen true:
He ſhall ride over us!
Happy and glorious,
Freedom! victorious
Frenchmen ne'er knew.

Chear up each mournful face,
See what a hopeful race,
Now all alive!
O how it ſwells the ſong!
Princes ſo young and ſtrong,
Might draw a dray along,
Ready to drive.

Long live our NOBLE king,
To him your guineas bring,
Gen'rous and free!
Let it our hear s elate,
Still to ſupport the great—
Proud of our low eſtate
Still let us be!

IN TIMES OF YORE.

Tune—"*The Topſails ſhiver in the Wind.*"

IN times of yore, when heroes fought,
And cities ſtreamed with blood,
The bards to better ſtrains untaught,
Sang of the crimſon flood.
Far nobler themes my muſe invite,
Than e'er inſpir'd theſe ſons of night.

FREEDOM, who long had dormant lain,
While deſpots bore the ſway,
Now deigns to viſit man again.
Reveal'd thro' TRUTH's bright ray;
Hence then ye poets, join to praiſe
FREEDOM in your immortal lays.

And firſt, that brave, unrivall'd chief,
Who did her cauſe maintain,
Whoſe work evinc'd in every leaf,
Their godlike author PAINE.
While gratitude inſpires your ſong,
To him your warmeſt thanks belong.

A bolder champion to engage
Falſhood had never found;
Reſplendent TRUTH illum'd each page,
And flaſh'd conviction round.
Soon as this mighty work began,

All

All nature echo'd, "RIGHTS OF MAN!"

America had caught the flame,
And ſcorn'd ſubmiſſion baſe;
To laws unjuſt, no longer tame,
She bow'd her manly race;
But independence long had rear'd,
And neither ſlaves nor Monarchs fear'd.

To Gallia's ſhore the influence ſpread,
Her num'rous ſons aroſe,
By Liberty and reaſon led,
They found and crush'd their foes.
High ſounding titles down they cry,
And make their lordly owners fly.

Surrounding kings unite to go
Againſt this favour'd place;
For Monarchy now felt a blow,
Which ſhook her firmeſt baſe.
Armies combine, France to attack,
But GOD and nature drove them back.

Fain would the muſe now take her flight,
And ſing *Britania* free;
That ſacred Iſle, where once ſo bright,
Reign'd heav'n born LIBERTY.
But ah! how fall'n yet ſoon ſhe'll riſe,
And proudly claim her native ſkies.

CA IRA.

'TIS dangerous to eat,
'Tis dangerous to Meet,
'Tis dangerous to drink,
'Tis dangerous to think.

Ca ira, ca ira. ca ira.

'Tis dangerous to walk,
'Tis dangerous to talk,
'Tis dangerous to write,
'Tis dangerous to fight.

Ca ira, ca ira, ca ira.

'Tis dangerous to feed,
'Tis dangerous to read,
'Tis dangerous to give,
'Tis dangerous to live.

Ca ira, ca ira, ca ira.

'TIS dangerous to view,
'Tis dangerous to sue,
'Tis dangerous to know,
'Tis dangerous to go.

Ca ira, ca ira, ca ira.

THE PORTERS' GOSSIP.

OR AN

IRISH DEFENCE of the BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

BY J. WALKER.

RECITATIVE.

AT alehouſe door, where weary porters ſtop,
To pitch their loads and take a chearing drop;
Jenkin and Patrick once together met,
Their buſ'neſs was the ſame, to reſt and wet:
Beer ſharpen'd wit, and glibly run their gab;
What follows is a ſketch of their confab.

AIR BY JENKIN.

Cot pleſs hur, what puſtle and rout;
Come tell hur, coot friend, if you can,
What all that creat pook is apout,
Which hur thinks they call Paine's Rights of Man!
They tell hur ſuch wonderful things,
A Welchman's as goot as a LORT;
There's no more occaſion for kings
Than hur crantmoter hat for a ſwort.
And princes, tukes, Intans, and placks,
Are the ſame plood and pody as we;
The poor ſhall not pay ſo much tax,
But that all hafe a right to be free.

RECITATIVE

A million a year, for a monarch my dear,
Is not quite three thouſand a day.
What he has to do ſir, is nothing to you ſir,

RECITATIVE.

Now Paddy had perus'd the Rights of Man,
So hitched his breeches up, and thus began:

AIR BY PADDY.

Blood an'ouns. Maſter Jenkin, I'm now after thinking
You're not quite the thing in your nob,
Why Paine's bodderation drives mad half the nation,
He'll one day repent his old gob.
Can you call that mad patter of his, Common Senſe,
Where he ſays, we're the ſame fleſh & blood as prince
Arra, who can believe ſuch queer nonſenſe as this,
No. Jenkin, its cruel— But hear me, my jewel
I'll engage I'll tell what the rights of an Iriſh-
[man is.

But this ne'er entered your nob,
If it had, you wou'd never complain;
Whiſht! whiſht, hububoo, hold your gob,
Whiſht, whiſht, hububoo, fililiboo,
To be ſure a big rogue is Tom Paine.

Now you know my dear cr'ature, a king has by nature
A head nicely fitted to rule;
And his children for ever—muſt be mighty clever
For how ſhould a king get a fool?
Then there's lord's, and there's dukes, and there's
[earls and what not,
'Caze they're rich, they're as wiſe as the devil knows
[what,
Arra, Jenkin, you know they can't live on the air,
So we tip them a penſion, the ſum's not worth mention
Poor cr'atures for what is 4, 5, or 6000 a yeer.
But this never enter'd, &c.

Don't bodder your noddle I pray:
For a miniſter's whim, 'tis an Iriſhman's right,
To be preſs'd from his wife and his children—to fight;
While placemen are lolling at eaſe on the ſod,
While ſoldiers are tramping, in dangers encamping
Devil help'em, ſure ſix-pence a day is enough for [a ſwad.
But that never enter'd, &c.
You may think it alarming, my ſoul there's no harm in,
A game at gunpowder and lead;
If your king pick the quarrel, why you'll wear the [laurel,
That is, if you bring back your head!
You know my dear cr'ature, your brother's your *foe*
And his throat you muſt cut, if your king tells you ſo,
What tho' he ne'er gave you a word of offence,
He goes to perdition, for ſtateſmen's ambition,
What matter? yet Paine won't allow this to be
Common Senſe,
But this never enter'd, &c.
And the great bodderation—he makes on taxation,
'Tis all my dear Peter-my-knife:
For taxing the malt—houſes, leather and ſalt,
Sure you know are all LUXURIES of life;
And the tax upon ſ lt, could not Camden ſupport?
Did we not make it up with ſome places at court.
Death an'ouns, we will ſtarve to maintain their [expence,
And live, my dear cra'tures—on herrings and praties,
By my ſoul tho' you'll never hear this, while we [have Common Senſe.
That's the book that's been cramming your nob;
You'll never hear paddy complain,
Whiſht, whiſht, hububoo, filillilloo,
To be ſure a big rogue is Tom Paine.

THE SPY.

Tune—"*Poll and partner Joe.*"

I AM d'ye ſee an *Informer*, Sirs,
As horrid a dog as any;
At the *Seſſions-houſe*, and the *Caſtle-yard*,
Swore falſe for many a guinea:
None can *convenient* mem'ry boaſt,
More than ingenous I,
Not even my employer *Sirr*,
Who has hir'd me for a *Spy*;
With *conſcience* light,
And free from ſpight,
It is my only care,
That let the Cauſe be *right* or *wrong*,
This is the burthen of my Song—
For money I can *ſwear*.

In tavern, or in public-houſe,
You're always ſure to find me;
I ſit ſo mute to hear all *that*,
That folks but ſeldom mind me;
If you on Politics ſhould talk,
Or *civic* ſongs ſhould ſing,
I'll artfully provoke your words,
And ſwear you've d—d the K—g;
My *work* being done,
Away I'll run,
To *note* the whole affair;
For let the Cauſe be *right* or *wrong*,
This is the burthen of my ſong,
For money I can *ſwear*.

The

The *Privy Council* quite elate,
When first I told my *story*,
Arrested MEN who nobly stood,
For Irish Rights and glory;
The *Habeas Corpus* did suspend,
That they should not be tried,
'Till I should *swear* to such base acts,
As might not be denied;
But HONEST JURIES marr'd my *plans*,
And did them FREE declare,
Still let the Cause be *right* or *wrong*,
This is the burthen of my song,
For money I will *swear*.

My *villainy* I'll still pursue,
With vigilant attention;
For *Cooke* declares if I succeed,
He'll grant a *place* or *pension*,
I'll swear blae 's *white*, and white is *black*!
To get such great reward;
No time I'll spare,
Men to ensnare,
Nor justice e'er regard;
But should I fail, and *friends* turn tail,
I'm sure to go to pot;
I then must see my *cause* is *wrong*,
And lose the *burthen* of my song,
Perhaps get *hang'd* like HART!

GLEE

GLEE

Tune—"*Why, Soldiers, why.*"

WHY, Erins, why,
Should ye ſubmit to tyranny?
Why, Erins, why,
'Tis better far to die!
When Nature cries!
And *famine* ſtares ye in the face,
'Tis time to riſe,
Or elſe deſpiſe
The RIGHTS of MAN and furniſh *Pitt*,
With more *ſupplies*!

'Tis but in vain,
Your PRIVILEGES bought and ſold,
'Tis but in vain,
For Erins to complain!
The next *campaign*,
May thouſands ſend into their graves,
Then they're free from pain;
But THOSE who remain,
Muſt kiſs the *rod* of *ſlavery*,
And hug her chain!

Erins! maintain!
Thoſe rights which HAMPDEN bled for, firſt!
Erins, maintain,
Revenge your millions ſlain!
Remember THOMAS PAINE!
His arguments point out the way
Your Freedom to regain;
But ſhould Tyrants ſtill remain,
The *Halter* or the *Guillotine*,
Muſt ſtop their reign.

THE BLESSINGS OF WAR.

Tune—"*Old ſir Simon the king.*"

GOOD People attend to my ſtory,
'Tis a matter that's true I muſt ſay;
And thoſe who delight much in glory,
To be *ſhot at* for *nine-pence* a day!
There's the bold MAJOR SIRR he'll avow,
If you enter you'll have *preſent* pay;
Commiſſion he'll give you all now,
To be *ſhot at* for *nine-pence* a-day. *ſhot at*, &c.
Your cloathing, your living, and all——
Let it give you no *trouble* I pray,
There's good feeding on *powder* and *ball*,
If you're *ſhot at* for *nine-pence* a-day. *ſhot at*, &c.
He'll promiſe you bounties 'tis true,
Aye, more than he's able to pay;
But money's no object to you,
If you're *ſhot at* for *nine-pence* a-day. *ſhot at*, &c.
Ye Youths ſo courageous and bold,
Don't throw this *advantage* away;
For you never need fear growing old,
If you're *ſhot at* for *nine-pence* a-day. *ſhot at*, &c.
Tho' to take from your BROTHER his *life*!
You muſt go if commanded away;
And if you *deſert* from this ſtrife,
They'll SHOOT you for running away! *ſhoot*, &c.
And now to conclude this fine ſong
Your *feelings* I hope are in play,
To think if it's *right*—it's not *wrong*,
To be *ſhot at* for *nine-pence* a-day. *ſhot at*, &c.

A CHARTER SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SONS OF FREEDOM

Tune—"*To Anacreon in Heav'n.*"

TO Anacreon we drink in a full-flowing bowl,
Or chaunt to his praise in a catch or a glee;
His magic illusions enrapture the soul,
And delightful to him, must be pleasing to me!
Trace his origin round, and he'll surely be found,
Like myself but a mortal that sprung from the earth:
But mine be the boast, to enliven the toast,
Of health to each true son of freedom and mirth.

That we're true sons of Freedom is seen by our bowl,
Which ever shall flow to the health of a friend,
And Liberty's sons—for we know no controul,
No troubles disturb us, nor trifles offend;
By friendship inspir'd! unanimity fir'd!
The bright sun of HARMONY shone at our birth!
Each brother in wine, felt its influence divine,
And hail'd the glad UNION of freedom and mirth!

Should a *prince* amongst us for admission attend,
We'd look to his *merit*—his *title* despise;
He must first be propos'd by a *Brother* and friend,
Whom before all his honours and riches we prize

He

He perhaps may think hard, that his pleaſure's debar'd,
And plead prior right from *illuſtrious* birth;
But his virtues are ſeen, in a *black* or *white* beau
Before we admit him in freedom and mirth.

Should baſe *ſpies* or *informers* by chance enter here,
Where nought but good fellowſhip jocund ſhould reign,
To our *Motto* each Brother will ſtrictly adhere,
And ſhew thoſe their *vices*, whilſt *Truth* we explain;
Animoſities fell let us ever expel——
To the demons of *diſcord* and *faction* on earth,
Merry *Momus* ſhall doff, the grim *fiends* with a laugh!
And *peace* rule triumphant in freedom and mirth.

Then as true *ſons* of *freedom* now join hand in hand,
Abide by your rules and in concord agree;
Our efforts united ſucceſs ſhall command,
Whilſt we graſp at the bloſſoms of *liberty's* tree!
May your pleaſures increaſe, 'till you've finiſh'd life's race,
And may all friends to *Liberty* flouriſh on earth,
May *harmony* ſpread its bright beams round each head,
And confirm us the true ſons of freedom and mirth.

BAGATELLE

BAGATELLE TO FRENCH FREEDOM.

Tune---"Malbrook."

CARPENTERS and Sailors,
Milliners and Tailors,
All aſſemble here, ſirs,
All for Liberty!
And if that you will ſtay,
And do not run away!
You ſhall ſee French freedom,
Frenchmen gain their freedom,
Glorious, bleſſed freedom,
Sing——VIVA LA LIBERTE!

PARIS ſee this day, ſirs,
Is deck'd ſo fine and gay, ſirs,
'Cauſe TYRANTS ran away, ſirs!
All for Liberty!
Each lad and laſs with cockade,
The CHAMP DE MARS parade,
Singing their ſongs to freedom,
How Frenchmen gain'd their freedom,
Glorious, heav'n born freedom,
Sing——VIVA LA LIBERTE!

You hear all Frenchmen tell, ſirs,
That horrid earthly hell, ſirs,
The BASTILE-PRISON fell, ſirs,
All for Liberty?
Where many a wretch enchain'd,
Bleſt Liberty regain'd,
To ſing the ſong of freedom,
To breathe the air of freedom,

Of

Of glorious heav'n-born freedom,
Sing——VIVA LA LIBERTE !

The King and Queen betray'd us,
And thought to have dismay'd us,
But they never can degrade us,
Or take our Liberty ;
May the heroes ever live,
Who seized the fugitives,
And brought them back with freedom,
Glorious, bleſſed freedom,
To ſee the Nation's freedom,
Sing——Viva la liberte !

Then for ſome wicked job, ſirs,
King Louis loſt his nob, ſirs,
Who wou d his people rob, ſir,
And make them ſlaves to be ?
But ſince the Tyrant's gone,
A Republic now they own ?
They'll never y eld their freedom,
Glorious, bleſſed freedom,
Baſe tyrants now they're freed from,
Sing——Viva la liberte !

Ariſtocra s they bang, ſirs,
And a-la-lanterne hang, ſirs,
Slavery there can't be, ſirs,
Inſtead of Liberty ?
See France mankind invite,
'Gainſt bondage to unite ?
They'll never ſhrink from freedom,
Glorious, heav'n-born freedom,
But live and die for freedom,
Singing——Viva la liberte !

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF THE MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE.

When firſt th' Almighty form'd the world
And peopl'd thick the fertile Ball,
His ſacred banner he unfurl'd;
And Liberty, dear Liberty! proclaimed to all.

He gave no King no King tyrannic ſway,
In chains he bade no captives groan:
He bade not millions *one* obey,
Nor made that gaudy Toy a crown.

The beaſts in Freedom rang'd the grove,
Unceas'd the warblers cut the air;
For all was harmony and love,
Since Liberty ſweet nymph was there.

Not then, not then, the ruffian ſhield and ſpear,
Encircl'd the uſurper's Throne;
Man's equal Rights each man held dear,
For juſtice, equal juſtice rul'd alone.

Man, you were equal made by Heav'n,
Your equal birthright Liberty;
Dare to aſſert the boon thus giv'n,
Since Heav'n commands you to be Free.

Should tyrants e'er your Rights invade,
Cruſh at a blow the ſerpent brood;
Upon their necks indignant tread,
And found your Freedom in their blood!

THE BLAZING RUSH LIGHT.

Tune—"*The little farthing rush light.*

IN the gay demeſnes of *France*, where the graces trip and ſkip, ſir,
A famous light aroſe, which we call a WILL-O'-WISP, ſir:
This light is ſhone as clear as MOSES' famous buſh light;
Yet the Emperor of *Germany* ſaid it was but a *ruſh light!*
And he puff'd at the *ruſh light!* he puff'd at the *ruſh light!*
And all that he could do, could not put out the *ruſh light!*

His crafty Pruſſian neighbour, rejoic'd at the reſiſtance,
Affected for to lend his aid, but kept of his diſtance;
For tho' he ſcrewed the bayonet on, yet he reſolved to puſh light—
And puny was the blaſt he blew in putting out the *ruſh light!*

The Tygreſs of the North, ſo famed for ſpoil and plunder, ſir,
Whoſe eyes can ſend forth lightning, with a voice as loud as thunder, ſir,
With her petticoats raiſed ſuch a wind, as ſhe ſurely thought muſt cruſh light;
Yet it only ſerved to fan the flame that iſſued from the *ruſh light!*

And ſhe puff'd, &c.

Mynheer

Mynheer Van Ouſe, from *Amſterdam*, reſolv'd to join the ranks, ſir:
This light it ſpread ſo far and near, he fear'd 'twould burn the banks, ſir?
He ſwore, in all his born days, he never yet ſaw ſuch light—
And, retreating, blew a Parthian blaſt, to put out the little *ruſh light*!
And he puff'd, &c.

The Pope was much aſtoniſh'd to behold this ſcene of ſlaughter, ſir,
And determin'd to extinguiſh it by a ſhow'r of holy water, ſir;
He ſaid, ſince he wa born, he never yet ſaw ſuch light;
And with bell, book and candle light, he curſed the little *ruſh light*!
And he puff'd, &c.

The Don he curl'd his whiſkers, and the little king of *Naples*, ſir;
Likewiſe the king of *Turin*—and they did what they were able ſir;
With a hoſt of foes from *Tuſcany*, ſo determined to cruſh light;
Tho' all *Italy* was ſqualling, it could not put out the *ruſh light*!
Tho' they puff'd, &c.

Experience teaches wiſdom—from wiſdom virtue ſprings, ſir,
And only in the people's love, ſecurity for kings, ſir,
Wiſely now the Don has learnt, to profit by example bright;
He ſees he can't extinguiſh—ſo adds fuel to the *ruſh light*!
New

Now he fans up the *ruſh light*! he fans up the
ruſh light!
With twenty ſail joins RICHERY—and blazing
is the *ruſh light*!
A German Deſpot ſtill oppos'd, and ſwore he yet had
ſlaves enough,
And with Engliſh wealth ſupply'd 'gainſt this light
he'd make another puff;
When Freedom charg'd the ſlaves did fly, dazzled
with ſuch radiance bright,
And Francis from conviction own'd celeſtial was the
ruſh light!
Now brilliant ſhines the *ruſh light*! brilliant
ſhines the *ruſh light*!
To guide the rafts and *Freedom* o'er, brilliant
ſhines the *ruſh light*
Poor purblind cuckold JOHNNY BULL begins to fear
at home, ſir,
That the people will lead him a dance, 'cauſe under
him they groan, ſir;
For FREEDOM's Sons now form the line---tyrants
tremble at the ſight;
The ruſh is dipt, the flame is caught, ſee it is ſpread-
ing glorious light,
Huzza! for the *ruſh light*! !---Huzza! for
the *ruſh light*!
JOHNNY BULL your wing's on fire! blazing with
the *ruſh light*!

THE CHAPTER OF KINGS.

Tune—"*The night before Lary was ſtretched.*

WHEN William that ſon of a whore
Took into his head to invade us,
Our liberties from us he tore,
And poor abject raſcals he made us;
He waſted our beautiful plains
And turn'd the whole ſtate topſey turvey,
He ſhaded us ſoundly with chains,
And put out our fires with his curfew.

Then Rufus came next to the helm
Tho' ſcarce fit to guide a wheel-barrow,
He plunder'd and ravag'd the realm
'Till at length he was ſlain by an arrow;
But Oh we ſhould grieve to the heart
If when hunting as bold as a lion,
Another ſuch traitorous dart
Should kill ſuch another Orian.

Next came Henry, then Stephen and Hal
Who was flogg'd by the Monks at the altar,
What pity ſo low he ſhou'd fall
And not ſoar aloft in a halter;
Then came Richard, call'd Cœurdelion
Who ſet ſilly fools a crufading,
But found all his horrors a ſong
When Leopold ſtopp'd his parading.

Next John came, that ſerviling aſs
Without honeſty wiſdom or courage,

He thought to buy Heav'n for a maſs,
And our Rights for a baſon of porrage:
But the Barons took it into their head
That they'd worſt ſide of the barter,
So forc'd him at ſham'd Runnaimede
To conſent to Britannia's great charter.

Twixt the Lancaſter houſe and the York
Our blood flow'd in dreadful profuſion,
Each tyrant made warfare his work
To keep up the horrid deluſion;
They might, tho' amidſt all this pother
Have puſh'd Britiſh happineſs further,
If one ſide had kill'd all the other
And then been ſtrung up for the murder.

Crook'd Dick thro' a deluge of blood
Made his way to the Sceptre and bauble,
Yet his title appear'd very good
In the eyes of an ignorant rabble;
But Dick wou'd have bleſs'd us indeed
Had he guided his murders by reaſon,
If he firſt had cut off the whole breed
And then his own throat for the treaſon.

Hal the Eighth was a boy of a prince
His conſcience was wonderful tender,
He ſtepp'd forth his faith to evince
And was dubb'd by the Pope its defender;
But his Holineſs proving uncivil
Our Harry appear'd but an odd piece,
He kick'd the poor Pope to the devil
And founded our Church in his cod-piece.

Queen Mary aſcended the Throne
Devoted to Rome and its maggots,
She made the whole nation to groan
By virtue of torture and faggots;
In ſhedding of blood 'twas her pride
Her religion was nothing but malice,
At length of vexation ſhe died
Becauſe ſhe was kicked out of Calais.

With mock modeſty came a Queen
A high ſupercilious Tyrant,
As ever her Fathers had been
She ap'd them in every high rant;
But love uſed to torture her ſore
Tho' ſhe look'd ſo demure and ſo mighty,
For at ſixty ſhe acted the whore
And ſhe died of an itching at eighty

Then James with his breeches moſt foul
With England his arms came to quarter,
And left us ſweet family ſoul!
To Charles who died tyrannies martyr;
His reign was one ſcene of tranſgreſſion
But I know of another to match it,
Brim full of deceit and oppreſſion
Zounds what have we done with the hatchet.

Charles the Second came next, and then James
Who was held in ſuch high deteſtation,
But the rogues differ'd only in names
For both ſtrove to ruin the nation;
Then England poor Cully beheld
Dutch William Stadtholder came over,

Wou'd

W.ou'd Will had been drown'd in the Scheld
And James as he ſail'd out of Dover.
We'll now put an end to our ſorg
Since England's arriv'd at ſuch glory,
By land and by water ſo ſtrong
She'll cut a fine figure in ſtory;
Talk no more of your debt nor your blood
But all your vile murmurings ſmother,
Since our Monarch's ſo wiſe and ſo good
Let's hope we ſhall ne'er have another.

THE VICTIM OF TYRANNY.

Tune—"*Mary's Dream*"

The night was cold, keen blew the blaſt,
The rain in whelming torrents fell,
When Pat with ſorrow overcaſt,
His plaintive tale was heard to tell:
"My tender wife, and children dear,
Are from my ſight for ever torn.
How can I longer tarry here?
My friends are all to dungeons borne.
I had a tyrant landlord, baſe,
Who ſaw my heart to Erin yearn'd,
Ev'n with the ground my cot did raſe,
And ſir'd my ſubſtance dearly earn'd.
Unmov'd, remorſeleſs how he ſees,
My cottage falling as it burns,
My wife for mercy, on her knees,
From her, with ruthleſs frown he ſpurns.
Ah! when will that bleſs'd day arrive,
When UNION bright on downy wing,
(UNION, for which we all ſhould ſtrive,)
Shall to old ERIN comfort bring;
Ah! when it comes, we'll all Unite,
Corruption from our land to chaſe,
And then we'll ſee the proſpect bright,
Of friendſhip, happineſs, and peace.

PLANT.

PLANT PLANT THE TREE.

Tune—"*Daffy hi down Dilly.*"

See Erin's Sons yon rising beam,
The Eastern hills adorning,
Now Freedom's Sun begins to gleam,
And breaks a glorious morning;
Despotic sway from France is chas'd,
And Church delusion's vanish'd,
Our Isle shall never be disgrac'd,
If these dread fiends are banish'd.

CHORUS.

Plant plant the Tree, fair Freedom's Tree
'Midst dangers, wounds and slaughter,
Erin's green fields its soil shall be,
Her tyrants blood its water.

They come, they come, see myriads come,
Of Frenchmen to relieve us,
Seize seize the pike, beat beat the drum,
They come my friends to save us;
Whilst trembling Despots fly this land,
To shun impending danger,
We'll stretch forth our fraternal hand,
To hail each *welcome* stranger.

Plant plant the tree, &c.

That Castle which thro' ages past,
For Despots was appointed,
You "Sovereign people" claim at last,
For you're the Lord's anointed;
The tinsel bubbles that adorn'd
Our late Viceroyal ninnies,
Now to the crucible return'd,
Produce you useful guineas.

Plant plant the tree, &c.

Those

Thoſe nicknames Marquis, Lord and Earl,
That ſet the croud a gazing,
We prize as hogs eſteem a pearl,
Their patents ſet a blazing;
No more they'll vote away our wealth,
To pleaſe a King or Queen, ſirs,
But gladly pack away by ſtealth,
Or taſte the Guillotine, ſirs.

Plant plant the tree, &c.

Our Commons too, who ſay ſo both,
They repreſent the nation,
Shall ſcamper Eaſt, Weſt, North and South,
Or feel our indignation;
The Speaker's Mace to current coin,
We preſently will alter,
For ribbons lately thought ſo fine
W'ell fit each with a halter.

Plant plant the tree, &c.

No more our tythes we'll grumbling throw,
To thoſe who on us trample,
But where he will's each man ſhall go,
To Reaſon's pureſt Temple;
ERIN GO BRAH each choir ſhall ſing,
The heart oppreſs'd to chear, ſirs;
Nor theſe curs'd ſounds "God ſave the King,"
Diſcordant grate our ears, ſirs.

Plant plant the tree, &c.

The nation's Bank has been put up,
To ſwindling moſt compleatly,
To forgeries it e'en can ſtoop,
On guinea notes ſo neatly;
And when it gets your ſolid coin,
The Cuſtom-houſe marauder,
Will forg'ry in Red letters join,
To the back of Townly Lawder.

Thoſe

Thoſe Lawyers who with face of braſs,
And wigs replete with learning,
Whoſe far fetch'd quibling quirks ſurpaſs,
Republicans diſcerning;
For them, to antient forms be ſtaunch,
'Twill ſuit ſuch worthy fellows,
In juſtice ſpare one legal branch,
I mean reſerve the gallows.
Plant plant the tree, &c.

And when th' all-glorious work is done,
Rejoice with one another,
To plough ſhares beat the ſword and gun,
Now every man's your brother;
Deteſted wars ſhall ever ceaſe,
In kind fraternization,
All will be harmony and peace,
And the whole world one nation.
Plant plant the tree, &c.

COALITION.

Tune---"Anacreon in Heaven."

To old Satan in Hell, as he ſat in full glee,
The combin'd Kings of Europe late ſent a petition,
That he their aſſiſtant and patron would be,
So he promis'd his aid and made this the condition;
Sound the Trumpet of war, ſcatter death and deſpair,
And the torches of Hell round your footſteps ſhall glare,
While combin'd in one cauſe we ſupport the great plan,
To blaſt ev'ry bleſſing and comfort of man.

The news thro' the regions of Lucifer flew,
When thoſe Dæmons of darkneſs roſe up in a riot,
Saying if Kings are permitted their ſchemes to purſue,
We all may as well fold our arms and ſit quiet;
For ſurely our aim and theirs are the ſame,
To ſpread thro' the Earth diſcord's wide waſting flame,
While combin'd in one cauſe w'll ſupport that great plan,
To deſtroy ev'ry comfort and bleſſing of man.

For what more can be left for us Devils to do,
Since theſe Kings ſet on men to deſtroy one another,
Whilſt the ſlaves of their nod, their curs'd orders purſue,
Each hand is imbru'd in the blood of a brother;
Whilſt the wild ſhrieks of pain ſpread wide o'er the plain,
Even carnage is drunk with the blood of the ſlain,
What needs then our efforts to further the plan,
To blaſt ev'ry bleſſing and comfort of man.

Know friends of mankind, let us join hand in hand,
Bid thoſe Dæmons return to the place whence they came,
Let each man behold but his brother in man,
Tho' the ocean divides, nature ſtill is the ſame;
Let diſcord no more bid the Trumpet to roar,
Let peace ſpread her branches to each diſtant ſhore,
Heav'n itſelf ſhall aſſiſt the benevolent plan,
And ERIN ſhall bloom for the comfort of man.

THE

THE TRUMPET OF LIBERTY.

The trumpet of Liberty ſounds thro' the world,
And the Univerſe ſtarts at the ſound;
Her ſtandard philoſophy's hand has unfurl'd,
And the nations are thronging around.
Fall tyrants fall, theſe are the decrees of Liberty,
Fall tyrants fall.

How noble the ardour which ſeizes the ſoul,
How they burſt from the yoke and the chain;
What force can the trumpet of Freedom controul,
Or its terrible vengeance reſtrain.
Fall, &c.

Proud caſtles of Deſpotiſm, dungeons and cells,
The torrent ſhall ſweep ye away;
From the Weſt to the Eaſt, the dread hurricane ſwells,
And tyrants are chill'd with diſmay.
Fall, &c.

The cruel dominion of Prieſt-craft is o'er,
Its thunders, its faggots, its chains;
Mankind will endure the vile bondage no more,
If virtue our Freedom maintains.
Fall, &c.

The ſlave on whoſe neck the proud deſpot has trod,
Now feels that himſelf is a man;
Whilſt the Lordly uſurper who rul'd with a nod,
Hides his head 'midſt his ſervile Divan.
Fall, &c.

Shall Erin the chorus of Liberty hear,
With a cold and inſenſible mind;
No, the triumphs of Freedom her children ſhall ſhare,
And contend for the rights of mankind.
Fall, &c.

THE GRAND MONARQUE.

Tune—"God Save the King."

GOD save the Grand Monarque,
Pride of St. James's Park;
Long live Monarque!
Send him victory,
As he rides over his
Slaves to inglorious;
Vive le Monarque!

When he goes to the play,
We join in loud huzza!
Vive le Monarque!
None but vile democrats,
Keep on their greasy hats,
Whilst they throw large brickbats
At our Monarque!

Soon the King-killing crew
Shall feel your vengeance due,
O! Grand monarque!
Pitt, to pass ACTS with ire,
A host of spies did hire,
He's your worst enemy Sire;
Vive le Monarque!

You are so good and chaste,
With such a noble taste,
O! Grand monarque!

The MAGIC PANTOMIME,
With your ideas chime,

Bombast

Bombaſt and fooliſh rhyme;
O! Grand monarque!
Then you can hunt for ſport,
Next meet your royal court,
O! Grand monarque!
Dukes, Lords, and garter'd knights,
Pimps knaves, and paraſites,
Your penſion'd band unites,
O! Grand monarque!
Thoſe are a motley groupe,
And we are made their dupe,
O! Grand monarque!
But ſoon the time will come,
When with the Pope of Rome,
They ſhall all meet their doom;
O! Grand monarque!
When all the Swine ſhall riſe,
Out of their murky STYES!
O! Grand monarque!
They may grunt very loud,
At their oppreſſors proud,
Or ſqueak amidſt the crowd———
Vive le monarque!

GLEE.

IN PRAISE OF LIBERTY.

Tune—"*Drink to me only*, &c.

LET Freedom's ſacred name reſound
Thro' earth from ſhore to ſhore;
So ſhall the Rights of Man be found
When tyrants are no more.
Let's drink the beauteous nymph with thee,
Fill, fill the goblet higher,
Before we loſe bleſt LIBERTY—
We'll in her cauſe expire!

OH UNION FOR EVER.

Tune—"*Logie of Buchan.*"

Ye ſons of Hibernia, aſſert your birthright,
For freedom, for union, for liberty fight.
No longer in ERIN, let bigotry reign,
No longer let factions, your union reſtrain.
Oh Erin for ever, Oh Erin's the land
Where freedom and union, ſhall go hand in hand.

Oppres'd by diſunion, the North firſt unites,
In union fraternal, the Weſt now delights;
In the Eaſt like the Sun, its radiance you ſee,
When the South ſhall unite, then Erin is free.
Oh freedom for ever, oh freedom for me
May we ceaſe to exiſt, when we ceaſe to be free.

Oh union how ſocial, oh union how rare
In which all religions, may equally ſhare,
That unites in one cauſe, the rich and the poor,
Makes the fate of our tyrants decided and ſure.
Oh union for ever, oh union's a rock,
The force of our tyrants for ever ſhall mock.

Though perjury doomed thee, Oh Orr to the grave,
Thy blood to our union, more energy gave,
For Union's a current, impede but its courſe
Far and wide it extends, reſiſtleſs its force;
Ye ſons of Hibernia, then join hand in hand,
To chaſe your oppreſſors, from Erin's green land.

ON OPPRESSION.

TIME was when Society's ſtate,
Made the rich have reſpect for the poor;
When our wiſhes and wants were not great,
And contentment and peace were ſecure.

But ambition, hell fiend! ſoon aroſe,
And for pow'r rais'd contention and jarr,
Deſtroying man's peace with the woes
Which are ever attendant on war.

The mother bereft of her ſon,
The cottage too robb'd of its fire;
The widow and orphans undone,
While the huſband and father expire!

The fair face of Nature complains,
Of oppreſſion, the cauſe of her grief;
The oppreſſor unfeeling remains,
Can reaſon poi. t out no relief?

O Liberty! Juſtice! ariſe!
Let thy aid to the wretched be giv'n,
May the tyrant that's deaf to thoſe cries!
From his blood-reeking throne ſoon be driv'n.

THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

AIR--*by Dibdin*

ONE day at Kilmainham a ſoldier bewailing
The loſs of a leg, and the uſe of an arm ;
And to his brave comrades his dangers detailing,
For ſympathy's balm has for veteran's a charm !
I've fought long (ſays Dick) to keep ſome folks in ſtate ſirs,
Loſt my limbs, and ſtill worſe, feel the want of an eye !
[To be ſpoken]---And what have I gain'd ?---This old houſe here,---a pitiful recompence for a miſerable exiſtence
But if Liberty's cauſe ſhould e'er want a defender
My right arm is left---and I'll fight till I die !
When firſt I was forc'd with my regiment to battle,
I never enquir'd if the conteſt were right ;
The cannons loud roar'd,---and the ſmall arms did rattle,
While thouſands were ſlain in the terrible fight !
But you know we poor ſoldiers muſt murder each other,
If a tyrant commands us---'tis death to deny !
---And now brothers in the meſs, I hope there are none of ye ſpies or informers but men who feel for each other, and if an occaſion offered---
Join the true cauſe, be fair Freedom's defenders--
And in Liberty's conteſt all conquer or die !
Then let us be ſteady when dangers aſſail us,
No longer take part in an infamous plan ;
America's freedom with Gallia's now hail us,
Let's teach our young brethren the juſt rights of man !

May

May ev'ry ſoldier be true to his brother---
May each in the cauſe of humanity vie!
——And I hope the time is not far diſtant when every ſoldier ſhall become a citizen, and every citizen a ſoldier!
Then we'll all march quick-ſtep, the ſupporters of Freedom!
And as Liberty's champions we'll conquer or die!

THE EXILED HIBERNIAN.

Tune---"*Then farewell my trim-built wherry.*"

EXIL'D from my native nation,
Relatives and friends farewel!
Cruelty and uſurpation ———
Rule you with tyrannic ſpell!
Freedom quits the land of Erin,
See her guilty foes advance;
Hark! a Patriot band is preparing—
To aſſert their rights like France!
Iriſhmen are foes to ſlavery,
Liberty begins to ſmile ——
On her Sons long-fam'd for bravery!
Guardians of Ierne's iſle!
Union ev'ry heart impreſſes!
Love and beauty gild the ſcene!
Erin's nymphs adorn their treſſes---
With their native colour Green!
All the virtues now they cheriſh,
Truth and Reaſon join their train!
Slavery's baſe ills ſhall periſh,---
And Erin be herſelf again!

THE

THE CITY VOLUNTEER.

Tune---"The Plough-boy."

I M a City Volunteer, ſirs,
Quite arm'd CAP-A-PEE;
I'll fight for church and king, ſirs,
And d--n the country!
When mounted on my charger,--
To captivate the fair!
You'll forget my name is ſugar-plum,
I look ſo militaire!
If the weather ſhou'd prove wet, ſirs,
I can attend parade;
Or the ſun-ſhine out too hot, ſirs,
I'll ride ſnug in the ſhade;
Then if my captain grumbles,
To ſee me break the rank,
Why d--n me, I'm as good as he,
Perhaps more caſh in bank!
Our grand aſſociation,
Juſt rais'd to make a ſhow!
Muſt keep in awe the nation---
Leſt they ſhould ſtrike a blow!
Thoſe Jacobins our foes, ſirs,
Who keep us in alarms!
Are eaſy to oppoſe, ſirs,
Becauſe---they're not in arms!
If our enemies ſhould land, ſirs,
Another game I'll play;
I muſt not try to ſtand, ſirs,
Leſt I ſhould run away!
Now if each loyal band, ſirs,
Prove all as ſtaunch as me!---
Then church and king be d--d, ſirs,
The nation will be free!

UNITE

UNITE AND BE READY.

Tune—"*Old Towler.*"

BRIGHT Freedom now begins to cheer,
Poor hapleſs Erin's Sons ;
The hoſts of Freemen now prepare,
See *Lodi's* hero comes :
United then our Friends we'll meet,
And join in Freedom's call :
Ariſe, ſweet Liberty to greet,
That day muſt Tyrants fall.

CHORUS.

Unite and be ready,
Be ready be ready be ready,
Unite and be ready,
Determin'd determin'd and ready
Be ready be ready be ready,
Determin'd determin'd and ready;
Ariſe ſweet Liberty to greet
That day muſt Tyrants fall ;
That day muſt Tyrants fall,
That day muſt Tyrants fall.

Poor Erin's cup of mi'ry flows,
The bitter draught's gone round;
The Widows cry to MERCY goes,
With *blood* is mark'd the ground;
Then ERIN rise o r chains to break,
Support is at your c-ll;
And vengeance on oppreſſors take,
That day muſt Tyrants fall.
Unite and be ready, &c.

The b'azing hamlets light the p'ace,
The *peaſants* a e in view;
N w *bloody* is the human chaſe,
The fields are cri nſon'd too;
Then ERIN's rife and ſtop thoſe wrongs,
It's *God* and *nature's* ca l:
To you the duty now belongs,
That day muſt Tyrants fall.
Unite and be ready, &c.

PADDY FOREVER MORE.

IN concert join'd each ſoul that loves, the Patriotic tye
Who dares the teſt of UNION take, free ſo. to live or die,
Unite your notes, they'll ech ſtrong, they'll make the rafters roar,
With him who boaſts himſelf to be, A PADDY and no more.

UNITE, UNITE, UNITE, my boys, quell diſcon live in peace;

For

Forget your Feuds in mutual love, and Brotherly, embrace,
Let each man freely chuſe his way, our maker to adore;
And tell the world as *Iriſhmen*, we are Paddys and no more.

Our *Patriot*'s the beſt of men, in galling irons lie;
Huſh, hark my friends, don't you think you hear
The impriſoned patriots ſigh,
But even that ſigh, will not be loſt, it ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore;
And wake the ſpirits of Freemen, In the PADDY's Ireland o'er.

Our *Patriots* tho' in Irons lie, their voices muſt be mute;
For who with Iriſh juſtaſſes dare venture to diſpute.
And now we're to the dungeon brought, our friends came here before,
And in the *Cell*, or on the *Sod*, we are PADDY's and no more.

Times are *bad*, and muſt be *worſe*, e're LIBERTY can reign:
Some yet muſt bleed, ſome yet muſt die, ſome grind the tyrants chain:
And when all tyrants bite the duſt, ſtain'd with their filthy gore:
Her children then will PADDY's be, from that day ever more.

The ever green of Liberty, Exotic in our Iſle;

Tho' ſuch a noble plant ſhould be, a native of our ſoil ;
And now it's planted in our land, with garlands co-vered o'er.
We'll dance around with vive joy, like PADDY's ever more.

Our *patriotic* Virgin band, have hoiſt their green Cockades,
Our charmers ſays they'll ne'er be won, by tools of death afraid ;
Aſſert your rights as freemen boys, we aſk this and no more ;
And then we'll graſp you in our arms, and keep you ever more.

An ACROSTIC

On a Celebrated ERENCH GENERAL.

BRAVE, valiant YOUTH, the wonder of our age
U nrival'd 'mongſt the heroes on life's ſtage;
O n *Lodi's-bridge* the bold ſhall mark thy fam
N obly record thy deeds, and praiſe thy name;
A n ARMY led to victory by you,
P *rieſtcraft* and *papal tyranny* o'erthrow!
A LPINES' or PYRENEANS' trackles courſe,
R iſing in terror cannot check your force!
T hy matchleſs ardour ſcorning winds and waves,
E ngland ſhall hail!—and Freedom give ſlaves!

THE END.

Toaſts and Sentiments.

THE Iriſh Harp, Attuned to Freedom
Health and Fraternity
Union and Liberty
Iriſh Freedom
The Rights of Man
Rights of Iriſhmen
Ire and righted and the world Free
The Green Flag of Ireland---May her Sons Unite and ſupport it
The memory of ORR, who died a martyr to Iriſh Freedom
The martyrs to Liberty
Death to the deſpot, and Freedom to the ſlave
ERIN GO BRACH
United Iriſhmen
United Britons
United Scotſmen
Union to Iriſhmen
Ireland a Republic and the world Free
The Liberty of the Preſs, to which the people are indebted for all Revolutions
A ſpeedy deſtruction to all Baſtiles
The impriſoned Patriots
The Friends of Freedom
The Iriſh Peaſant
The imports of Ireland---her Friends the firſt
May the bloſſoms of Liberty never be blighted
May the fluid of Liberty pervade all ſpace
May Ireland be Free, and her enemies know it
May the will of the people be the Law of the Land
May the Friends of Freedom never flinch
May the Union of Iriſhmen be mother Erins glory
May he who would not contend for Liberty, never taſte the ſweets of it

May

May the whole world be as one man, and that man Free

May the whole Family of the human race be firmly United

May the genius of Liberty inspire the suffering Irish peasant with patience and prudence

May the arm of Liberty be irresistible

May the Tree of Liberty flourish in Ireland

May Erins Sons assert the Rights of man

May victory and Freedom be the reward of Irish Union

May the United Irishmen be the deliverers of their country

May the tyrants of the Earth solicit the protection of the Swine

May Ireland be adrift and her Sons at their posts

The Majesty of the People

The French Republic

A speedy and RADICAL Reform

May Revolutions never cease till Liberty is established

May the Guillotine clip the wings of Tyranny

May the cap of Liberty fit every head, and every head wear it

May Irishmen know their Rights, and have spirit to assert them

May the Tree of Liberty be planted in the center of of the earth and its branches extend from Pole to Pole

The cause of Liberty all over the world

May the genius of Liberty take up her abode in Ireland

The United Irishmen---success to their efforts

Every virtuous exile in the cause of Liberty

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

A ſpeedy deſtruction to tyranny

The French Revolution—May it be a terror to the oppreſſors, and a ſtimulus to the oppreſſed

The *Rack* to the ſupporters of the Racking ſyſtem

May neither precedent, nor antiquity, be a ſanction to errors pernicious to mankind

The Proprietors of the Northern Star, and a juſt reward for their uſeful labours in the cauſe of Freedom

May the arm uplifted in the cauſe of Liberty, never be paralized by the blow of the mercenary

May thoſe who *ſeek* Freedom *find* it in their native land

Mother Erin dreſſed in Green Ribbons by a French Milliner, if ſhe can't be dreſſed without her

May the Temple of Liberty have no baſis but the Earth, nor no dome but the ſky

May the friends of Liberty be as numerous as the ſand on the ſea ſhore, and as firm as the rock which the ſea beats againſt

Prieſthood without Prieſtcraft—Religion without bigotry—piety without ſuperſtition—and patriotiſm without party

The Female Patriots of Ireland

May Liberty and Commerce Unite the Counties which Deſpotiſm and war have divided

May the ſword aimed at the breaſt of Liberty, be ſheathed in the heart of Deſpotiſm

May every exertion in the cauſe of Liberty be crowned with ſucceſs

The cauſe for which Hampden bled in the field, and Sydney on the ſcaffold

May the clouds of prejudice be ſpeedily diſpelled by the light of Reaſon

FINIS.

W.N.H.
HARDING